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ONE SHILLING.

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POLAND'S STRUGGLE AGAINST BOLSHEVIST INVASION: POLISH VOLUNTEER TROOPS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT RECEIVING SOUVENIRS FROM THEIR WOMENFOLK.

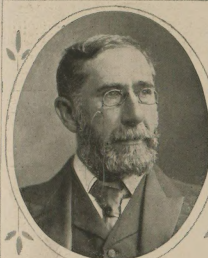
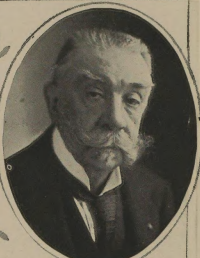
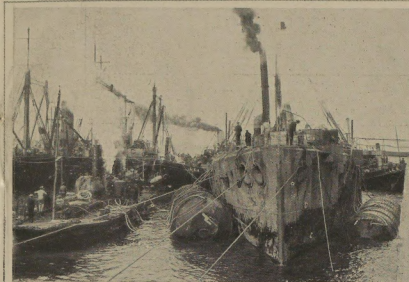
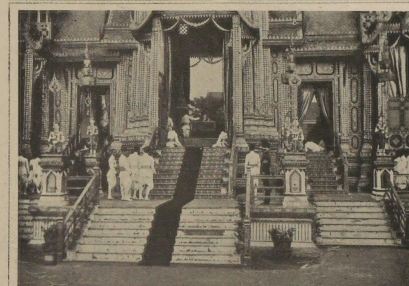
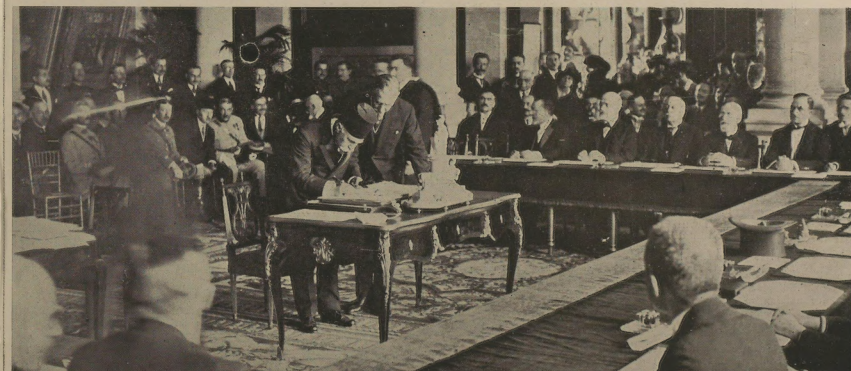
At the moment of writing the Bolshevik armies are said to be closing round Warsaw. On August 16 it was stated that the position which the Polish Volunteer army under General Haller was holding—the fortress of Sierock, only 19 miles from Warsaw—had been captured. An official Polish communiqué of

the 14th said: "We are continuing the re-arrangement of our detachments which are intended to defend the capital." On the same date the Polish armistice delegates were reported to have reached Minsk, but by the 17th the Soviet delegates were still not known to have arrived there.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARSAW PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY.

EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES: NOTABLE INCIDENTS FROM FAR AND NEAR, AND PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN; RUSSELL; ELLIOTT AND FRV; ALTHIER; L.B.; TOPICAL; ABRAHAM, LTD.; GORCE; C.N.; AND M. RENÉ NICOLAS.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION
CARDIFF MEETING: PROF. HERDMAN.THE POLISH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN
AFFAIRS: PRINCE SAPIEHA.THE FIRST INDIAN TO GOVERN AN
INDIAN PROVINCE: LORD SINHA.A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN'S SUDDEN
DEATH: MR. WALTER WINANS.GUARDING THE BANK OF IRELAND WHILE AN ARMY PAY OFFICER
DREW MONEY: CAVALRY IN DUBLIN.RECENTLY SOLD FOR £7500: THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON,
SHOWING THE NORTH FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN.A NEW METHOD OF CLEARING A PROCESSIONAL ROUTE: SINN FÉINERS
AT THE FUNERAL OF THOMAS FARRELL IN DUBLIN.A SEQUEL TO MANNIX DEMONSTRATIONS IN DUBLIN: THE FUNERAL OF
THOMAS FARRELL, SHOT AFTER "CURFEW"—A LOAD OF WREATHS.THE "VINDICTIVE" REFLOATED: THE FAMOUS BLOCKSHIP AT OSTEND,
WITH COMPRESSED-AIR CYLINDERS USED IN RAISING HER.BEARING THE LAST REPAST OF THE DEAD: ROYAL PRINCES OF SIAM
AT THE QUEEN MOTHER'S FUNERAL.ONE OF M. VENIZELOS' ASSAILANTS:
EX-LIEUT. KYRIKIS IN CUSTODY.ONE OF M. VENIZELOS' ASSAILANTS:
EX-LIEUT. THERAPIS IN CUSTODY.KING RAMA SEPARATING THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ASHES AND PLACING THEM
IN DIFFERENT URNS: A ROYAL CREMATION IN SIAM.THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH TURKEY, AT SÉVRES, IN THE CERAMIC MUSEUM OF THE FAMOUS PORCELAIN FACTORY:
GENERAL HADI PASHA, TURKISH MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, INSCRIBING HIS SIGNATURE.

The British Association's eighty-eighth annual meeting is to open at Cardiff on August 24. The President is Prof. W. A. Herdman, ex-General Secretary, whose presidential address will be a survey of oceanography. — An Polish Foreign Minister, Prince Sapieha had an anxious task negotiating for an armistice with the Bolsheviks. — Lord Sinha, who became Under-Secretary for India in 1918, has been appointed Governor in Council of Bihar and Orissa—the first Indian to be the head of an Indian province under British rule. — Mr. Walter Winans, the well-known horse-breeder, revolver shot, and sculptor, died suddenly of heart failure during a trotting match at Parsloe Park, Barking, on August 12. — The famous British cruiser "Vindictive," sunk in 1918 as a blockship at the entrance to Ostend Harbour, was refloated by the British Admiralty Salvage Department under Commodore Young, on August 16. Her weight is 6500 tons. She was raised by massive steel cables passed under the hull by divers and two huge cylinders of compressed air. — An attempt, happily unsuccessful, to assassinate M. Venizelos was made at the Gare de Lyon, Paris, on August 12, by two Greek ex-officers—George Kyrikis,

Greek Engineers, and Apostolos Therapis, Greek Navy, described as supporters of ex-King Constantine. — The Bank of Ireland at Ormond Quay, Dublin, was guarded by cavalry while an officer went in to draw money for the Army Pay Department. — The summit of Snowdon, where Mr. Gladstone addressed a gathering in his eightieth year, was sold recently for £750, to Mr. J. Williams, of Beddgelert. — We illustrated in our last issue (August 14), the cremation of Queen Savabha Pongsi, Queen-Mother of Siam, at Bangkok on May 24. Here we give two further photographs, one showing the collection of the ashes on the following day. — The funeral of Thomas Farrell, a young man shot by the military at a Dublin bonfire in honour of Archbishop Mannix, during curfew hours on the night of August 9, took place on the 13th at Glasnevin Cemetery. It was the occasion of a Sinn Féin procession. — The Turkish Treaty was signed at Sévres on August 10, in the Ceramic Museum of the famous porcelain factory. M. Millerand presided. The Turkish signatories were General Hadi Pasha, Riza Tewfik Bey, and Reshid Bey.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. EDWARD CLODD, the distinguished student of Folklore, has asked me a question touching a passage which appeared in this paper. He was writing with reference to the larger question of Darwinism, to which I may return more fully at some other time. But as the sentence he quoted from these columns stands somewhat separate it may be proper to treat it separately. The words he wishes more fully explained are: "Even the Evolutionist is now shy of explaining Evolution. To-day the scientific temper is . . . scientific doubt of science, not scientific doubt of religion." He especially wishes to know what I mean by the phrase "scientific doubt of religion."

Now I take it that my negative statement at least is evident enough; I mean that the most recent and revolutionary scientific suggestions do not happen to throw any doubt on any religion. The Book of Genesis does not say that God formed the substance of the world out of atoms, and therefore a scientist cannot be rebuked as a Bible-smasher if he says it is formed not of atoms, but of electrons. The Council of the Church which laid down the dogma of the Co-eternity of Father and Son did not lay down any dogma of the Conservation of Energy. Therefore Mme. Curie could not be burned as a heretic even if, as some said, her discovery disturbed our ideas about the Conservation of Energy. The Athanasian Creed does not say that parallel straight lines never meet, so it would be unaffected by Professor Einstein saying, if he does really say, that they are not parallel or even straight. The prophets did not prophesy that a man would never fly, and are, therefore, not discredited when he does fly. The saints certainly never said there was no such thing as wordless talking, and therefore have nothing to retract if there is such a thing as wireless telegraphy. In many ways it would be far easier to maintain that the modern inventions have verified the ancient miracles. Now in these technical and utilitarian examples it is still true to say that, if they do not disturb religious doctrines, they also do not disturb scientific doctrines. But the former class of more theoretic discoveries do disturb scientific doctrines. It is the doctrines about gravity and energy, about atoms and ether, about the very foundations of the purely scientific universe, that have been affected or threatened by purely scientific research.

Hence I was led to say that the scientific men are pulling to pieces their own scientific universe. It was as something relative to this that I said they were not primarily concerned now with doubt about religion. The phrase (in a positive as distinct from a relative sense) refers, of course, to various scriptural and teleological ideas that were supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be disturbed

by the earlier phase of science. Some seem to suppose that I am here arguing for those doctrines; but that is a complete mistake. Of the pre-Darwinian doctrines of popular Protestantism in England, there are some that I believe and some that I heartily disbelieve; but none that I have made the basis of my remarks on Darwinism. My remarks on Darwinism are based on Darwinism. They are based on the inconsistencies and illogicalities of the Darwinians themselves. Many sincere critics seem to find it very difficult to believe this. One of them asked me quite sharply why the wing of the bat had not been divinely designed with feathers like the wing of the owl—almost as if I myself had culpably neglected to provide the animal with proper plumage. All this is to miss my whole purpose in this particular discussion. If I do personally believe in design, it is for somewhat deeper reasons which have nothing to

be a far more rationalistic notion than such a run of luck as that.

But as for the positive conclusion to be drawn, I am perfectly content to accept Mr. Clodd's basis of "an area of the unknown" where, as he quotes from George Eliot, "men grow blind, though angels know the rest." But I still think that the Darwinians, being men, were blind leaders of the blind. There must have been a real greatness about Darwin's science, of the detailed accumulations of which I should not claim to judge. There certainly was a very real greatness about Huxley's literature, of which I can judge rather better. Nobody says that either was not a great man, but merely that he made a great mistake. And as to what remains when that mistake is admitted, I repeat that I am content with Mr. Clodd's phrase. It is not my theology or the old Puritan theology

any more than the old Darwinian biology. What remains is mystery—an unfathomed and perhaps unfathomable mystery. What remains after Darwin is exactly what existed before Darwin—a darkness which I, for quite other reasons, believe to be divine. But whether or no it is divine, it is certainly dark. What is the real truth, what really happened in the variation of creatures, must have been something which has not yet suggested itself to the imagination of man. I for one should be very much surprised if that truth, when discovered, did not contain at least a large element of evolution. But even that surprise is possible where everything is possible, except what has been proved to be impossible. And any complete explanation by a complete evolution is at present impossible.

For the first time, in short, the agnostics will reply to Mr. Clodd's question about the "scientific doubt of religion." The doubt to-day is a real doubt; before it was an inference from some dogma like Darwinism. The Victorian agnostics were not really agnostics. At the back of their minds was a materialistic, or at least a monistic, universe. But that monistic universe is in its turn becoming mystical, or at the very least mysterious. The next time of transition will probably be one of real agnosticism, or of more or less exciting ignorance. And Mr. Clodd and I can then agree about the borderland in which men are blind and angels know the rest, though he may be more content to rest in the blindness of the men, and I in the knowledge of the angels. But I never advanced this argument as a way of being on the side of the angels. I am so far merely on the side of the men; of the great mass of reverent and reasonable human beings, who would much rather admit that they are blind in the dark than be burdened in the dark with old-fashioned scientific spectacles, and told by a quack that they can see.



"A NICE HARMLESS RAILWAY ACCIDENT": THE PRINCE OF WALES STANDING BY THE WRECKAGE JUST AFTER CLIMBING OUT OF HIS OVERTURNED CARRIAGE, IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

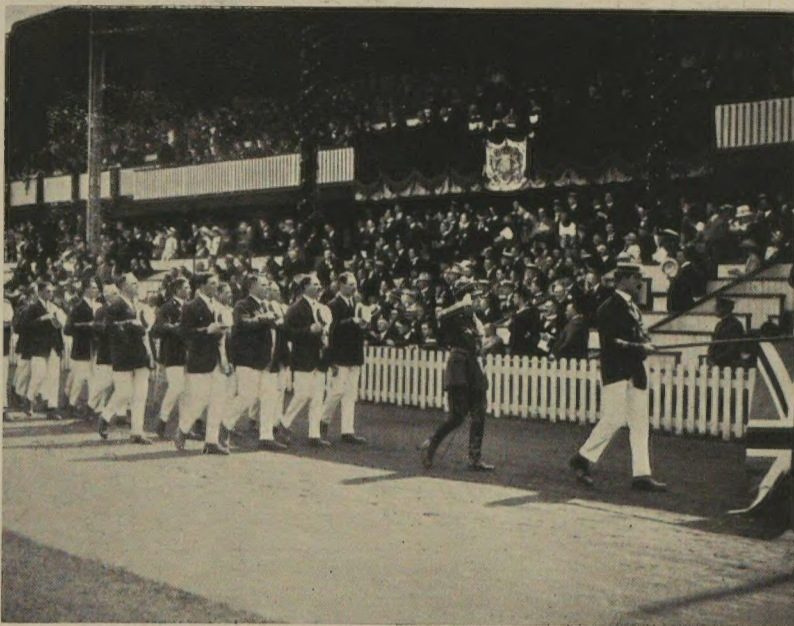
Happily, the Prince of Wales was unhurt and no one was badly injured, when the train in which he was travelling in Western Australia, on July 5, was derailed between Wilgarup and Bridgetown. The Prince's car at the rear and the next one, containing Ministers, were overturned down a slight embankment, and the Prince could not get out for some ten minutes. He emerged quite calm, though shaken, and said later that he was glad his experiences included "a nice harmless railway accident." It might have been fatal but for the fact that the train was going slowly, having just been stopped to clear a stray bullock from the line. That bullock perhaps saved the Prince's life.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]

do with the wings of bats; and certainly I never dreamed of demonstrating it from the wings of bats. I never professed to trace the causes of these things at all. I have not written a book called "The Origin of Species." I have not conducted detailed researches or proclaimed dogmatic conclusions. I do not know the true reason for a bat not having feathers; I only know that Darwin gave a false reason for its having wings. And the more the Darwinians explain, the more certain I become that Darwinism was wrong. All their explanations ignore the fact that Darwinism supposes an animal feature to appear first, not merely in an incomplete stage, but in an almost imperceptible stage. The member of a sort of mouse family, destined to found the bat family, could only have differed from his brother mice by some minute trace of membrane; and why should that enable him to escape out of a natural massacre of mice? Or even if we suppose it did serve some other purpose, it could only be by a coincidence; and this is to imagine a million coincidences accounting for every creature. A special providence watching over bats would

become agnostic. That is the side of my reply to Mr. Clodd's question about the "scientific doubt of religion." The doubt to-day is a real doubt; before it was an inference from some dogma like Darwinism. The Victorian agnostics were not really agnostics. At the back of their minds was a materialistic, or at least a monistic, universe. But that monistic universe is in its turn becoming mystical, or at the very least mysterious. The next time of transition will probably be one of real agnosticism, or of more or less exciting ignorance. And Mr. Clodd and I can then agree about the borderland in which men are blind and angels know the rest, though he may be more content to rest in the blindness of the men, and I in the knowledge of the angels. But I never advanced this argument as a way of being on the side of the angels. I am so far merely on the side of the men; of the great mass of reverent and reasonable human beings, who would much rather admit that they are blind in the dark than be burdened in the dark with old-fashioned scientific spectacles, and told by a quack that they can see.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIAD OPENED AT ANTWERP: SALUTING KING ALBERT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



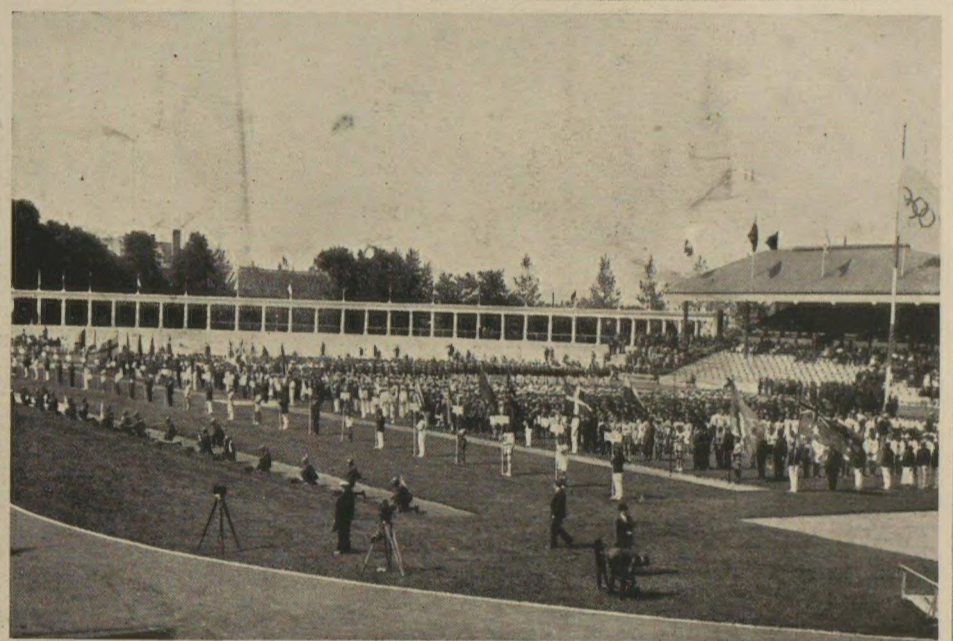
SALUTING BY REMOVING THEIR HATS AND TURNING "EYES LEFT": BRITISH ATHLETES MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL BOX.



SALUTING BY RAISING THEIR RIGHT HANDS: FRENCH ATHLETES MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL BOX IN THE STADIUM.



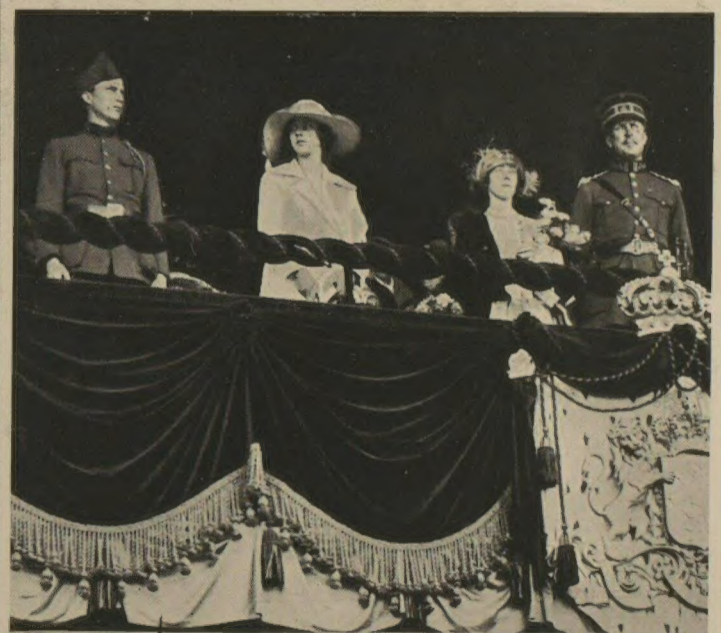
A SURPRISE INCIDENT: BELGIAN SOLDIERS RELEASING MESSENGER PIGEONS TO ALLIED COUNTRIES.



SHOWING THE SOLDIERS WITH PIGEONS ON THE LEFT IN FRONT AND, NEXT, NATIONAL FLAG-BEARERS: THE ASSEMBLAGE OF ATHLETES.



IN COSTUMES OF BRIGHT BLUE: FAIR-HAIRED SWEDISH GIRL GYMNASTS MARCHING INTO THE STADIUM AT ANTWERP.



THE BELGIAN ROYAL GROUP: (L. TO R.) THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND KING ALBERT.

The Olympic Games of Antwerp, known there as the Seventh Olympiad, were opened on Saturday, August 14, by King Albert. The proceedings began with a march-past of the athletes from the various countries competing, each group preceded by its national flag. It was interesting to observe the different modes of saluting as they passed the Royal Box. Thus, the British did so by removing their straw hats and turning "eyes left," while the French raised their right hands. A picturesque feature was the entry of two bands of fair-haired girls

from Sweden and Denmark, in close-fitting costumes of bright blue. After the march-past the athletes all grouped themselves, by nations, in the centre of the Stadium for inspection by the International Committee. King Albert then formally declared the Games open. Next followed a surprise. At a given signal, a number of Belgian soldiers released from 27 boxes messenger pigeons, which flew to announce the opening to the Allied countries represented. The Games began on the 16th, but did not attract a very large attendance.

POLAND'S AGONY: TROOPS INTERNED; REFUGEES FROM "RED" TERROR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ATLANTIC PHOTO. CO., BERLIN; C.N.; AND FRANKL, BERLIN.



INTERNED AT ARYS, IN ALLENSTEIN (EAST PRUSSIA): POLISH TROOPS WHO CROSSED THE FRONTIER—A PARADE FOR PRAYERS



DRIVEN BY BOLSHEVIST FORCES ACROSS THE ALLENSTEIN FRONTIER: POLISH TROOPS IN AN INTERNMENT CAMP AT ARYS.



POOR PEOPLE WITH NO CONFIDENCE IN BOLSHEVIST BENEVOLENCE: REFUGEES FLEEING FROM THE "REDS" RESTING IN A WARSAW STREET.



PREFERRING NOT TO BE IN THE WAKE OF THE "RED" ARMIES ADVANCING THROUGH POLAND: ANOTHER GROUP OF POOR REFUGEES IN WARSAW.



IN THE ARYS INTERNMENT CAMP FOR POLISH TROOPS WHO CROSSED THE ALLENSTEIN FRONTIER: A GROUP OF POLISH OFFICERS.

Thousands of poor people in Poland left their homes and fled before the advance of the Bolshevik armies. Thence large numbers of refugees went by rail to Danzig. "They have been arriving," wrote a "Times" correspondent on August 13, "at the rate of four trains a day from Warsaw. A camp containing 15,000 refugees has been organised. Recently 4000 arrived on one day, and yesterday I saw a pitiful train-load of poor people and tiny children carrying bundles, mattresses, and other household treasures, on their way to their new home, whither they are being transhipped as quickly as possible." Danzig became

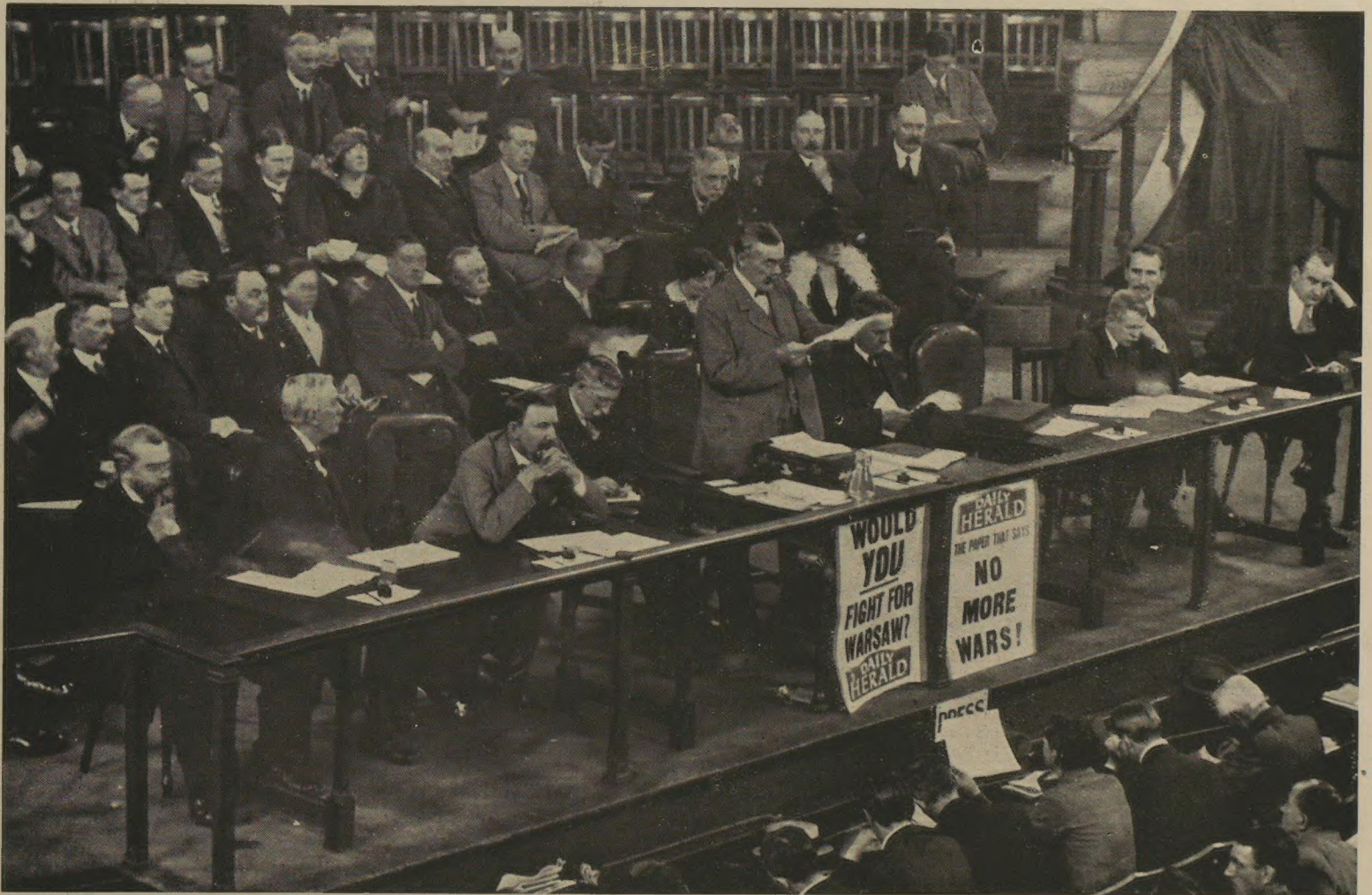
so overcrowded with refugees that it was decided to admit only those with American visas. The rest were turned back. The Red Cross Society in Warsaw issued a protest against Bolshevik atrocities, specifying terrible crimes. "The wake of the Red Armies," it stated, "is invariably strewn with numberless corpses, bearing marks of cruelty and torture. . . . According to reports from areas evacuated by Polish troops the Bolsheviks are ordering pillage and murder of Polish civilians." As mentioned on a double-page in this number, some Polish troops crossed the Allenstein frontier, and were interned at Arys, near Lyck.

"SWINGING A SLEDGE-HAMMER AT AN OPEN DOOR": LABOUR'S WAR VETO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, SWAINE, AND BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD.



THE LABOUR CONFERENCE WHICH ADOPTED THE COUNCIL OF ACTION'S VETO ON WAR WITH SOVIET RUSSIA : MR. ERNEST BEVIN SPEAKING—(INSET) MR. W. ADAMSON, M.P., WHO PRESIDED.



"THE CONFERENCE AUTHORISES THE COUNCIL OF ACTION TO CALL FOR ANY AND EVERY FORM OF WITHDRAWAL OF LABOUR WHICH CIRCUMSTANCES MAY REQUIRE": MR. W. ADAMSON, M.P., PUTTING THE RESOLUTION IN THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

A Labour Conference met in the Central Hall, Westminster, on August 13, to consider British policy towards Russia and Poland. Mr. William Adamson, M.P., Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, presided. Next but one to the left of him is Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and next but one to the right, Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P. They adopted unanimously a Resolution pledging the Conference "to resist military and naval intervention against the Soviet Government of Russia," and instructing "the Council of Action" to remain in being until they have secured: (1) An absolute guarantee that the armed forces of Great Britain shall not be used in support of Poland, Baron Wrangel, or any other military

or naval effort against the Soviet Government; (2) The withdrawal of all British naval forces operating as a blockading influence against Russia; (3) The recognition of the Russian Soviet Government and the establishment of unrestricted trading and commercial relationships." Mr. Lloyd George said in Parliament on the 16th: "The policy of the Government . . . would appear to differ in no way from that enunciated at the Labour Conference. This swinging of a sledge-hammer at an open door is only intended for display. Any attempt to dictate policy . . . by industrial action strikes at the root of the democratic Constitution of this country, and will be resisted by all the resources of the Government."

Lieutenant-General Baron Peter Wrangel.

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written about General Wrangel. He has been represented as a pro-German, a reactionary, and a Jew-baiter; but the most amusing and most gratuitously misleading account of him was a description of his personal appearance which I read in some English paper. He was there described as a small, insignificant man in spectacles, who looked more like a professor than a soldier, and whose small, scrubby beard added to the general untidy effect. I do not know who it was who was palmed off on an innocent and unsuspecting English correspondent, but it was certainly not General Baron Wrangel.

There are at present in London two invalided Russian soldiers who are recuperating here: one was Wrangel's life-long friend and superior officer until recent times, the other served immediately under him. Both know him well. There is also in London a cousin of General Wrangel's who knew him in the old days when they were youngsters together and heard the chimes at midnight, and even more advanced hours. All these personal, intimate friends of Wrangel's, widely as they may differ about him regarding other matters, agree that he is a man of about six feet three to five inches, extraordinarily thin, composed entirely of muscle and bone, and without an ounce of fat on him. His long oval face is clean-shaven but for a small tooth-brush of a moustache on his upper lip, and he has not yet found it necessary to conceal with spectacles his finest feature, his strangely penetrating, steely grey eyes, in which the genius of the man of action is so strongly reflected.

In other words, there is absolutely nothing of the student or the professor in Wrangel's appearance; on the contrary, he is the very *beau-idéal* of a clean-cut soldier and man of action.

He is intensely proud of his family, and with reason, for he comes of a Swedish stock that has won fame in more than one country, and whose Russian branch has been noted for its ability and talents. They are indeed an accomplished family, musical, literary, and distinguished in various walks of life. In the female line he is descended from that famous Moor of Peter the Great's, General Hannibal, whom the poet Pushkin also claimed for his ancestor, and from whom Wrangel has no doubt got his fire and temperament and his mystical belief in his star—a faith he holds as strongly as the great Napoleon.

It is recorded of one of Frederick the Great's Generals that he got himself repeatedly so badly defeated that Frederick dismissed him. The General's friends represented to the King that he was a most capable and highly gifted and plucky General, and that it was unjust to punish him for his misfortunes. Frederick is said to have replied that he preferred an ignorant fool and poltroon who was lucky to the cleverest unsuccessful General. Well, whatever people may say of Wrangel, it cannot be denied that he has been lucky. He was always lucky. He is about forty years of age, and commenced his career in the School of Mines, one of the stiffest technical High Schools in Russia. Here he did not allow his studies to interfere with his pleasures, and as a young man he led the gay life of the gilded youth of St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, he passed all his examinations with conspicuous brilliancy, and finished his course with distinction. In 1903 he entered the Horse Guards as a volunteer, but retired after eighteen months' service. On the outbreak of the Japanese War he joined a Cossack regiment, and served with distinction. He then rejoined his old regiment, and passed through the Military Academy, the Russian equivalent of our Staff College. The Great War found him in command of the 1st Squadron—the Life Squadron, as it is called—of the Horse Guards, in which his life-long friend, General Hartman, also held a command. His first success was at

Kauschen, when he made his famous cavalry attack on a German battery on Aug. 6, 1914. Nearly all his brother-officers were killed in this sanguinary action, which for daring recalls the famous Balaclava Charge. He captured the battery, was promoted Colonel, and received the St. George's Cross for valour; as an additional distinction, the Emperor appointed him a personal Aide-de-Camp. He was subsequently wounded at Dvinsk; but the outbreak of the revolution found him in command of a Cossack regiment.

In the summer of 1918 he joined Denikin's volunteer army as a full private, but was successively and rapidly promoted to the command of a squadron, then to that of a regiment, and in a very short time received a cavalry division. Until

his record has been one of unfailing success. The first thing he did on assuming command was to tackle the land question. He issued an order by which the peasants were left in undisputed possession of the soil, the local Zemstvos being instructed to issue title-deeds recognising as owners of the land the tillers of the soil, subject to certain conditions. This measure, so totally opposed to the attitude adopted by Denikin, while it displeased the landed gentry, had a remarkably calming and reassuring effect on the peasantry and won their confidence.

Under the easy-going Administration of Denikin much corruption and many abuses had crept in. All this Wrangel altered with a heavy hand, not hesitating even to hang Generals who had been found guilty of peculation, and shooting a number of officers. In this way Wrangel introduced discipline and a healthy tone in the army.

He also arranged for the future compensation of the country gentlemen whose estates had been annexed by the peasants, and he proclaimed that he would recognise Russia's debts to foreign subjects and countries.

Worshipped by his troops and adored by the peasants, he is thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and bases all his measures on the elective principle. This is all the more to his credit, as he is an aristocrat to the tips of his fingers, and a firm believer in family traditions.

Tall and thin, as we have seen, he is indefatigable, and works harder than anyone in his army. He thinks nothing of spending whole days in the saddle, and seems to multiply himself, for wherever there is any fighting he is generally in the thick of it.

Very cautious and careful in coming to a decision, he nevertheless makes up his mind with startling rapidity, and, having once determined on a course of action, he adheres to it with unflinching constancy and never shows any hesitation.

A brother-officer of his told me that Wrangel early saw the mistakes of Denikin, and, with characteristic frankness, foretold his ultimate defeat. No doubt this outspoken criticism was not pleasing to the older man, and contributed to Wrangel's disgrace.

Lieutenant-General Wrangel is one of those Baltic Barons who will have no truck with the Germans. He is most anxious to impress those around him that his ancestors were of Swedish and not of German origin, and when he visited the estates of his wife, whose maiden name was Ivanenko, he emphasised this fact to the peasants.

To sum up, Wrangel, while a man of action and energy, is of a most lovable disposition, devoted to his wife and family, who adore him, fond of music, a brilliant speaker and conversationalist, with a remarkable gift of happy repartee, and kindly and just to his subordinates, withal a strict disciplinarian, and a man of scrupulous honour and fearless courage—indeed, he is said not to know what fear is.

With regard to his views on the Jewish question, it may be interesting to quote from an interview with him which appeared in a recent number of the Russian edition of *La Cause Commune*, published in Paris. He is there represented as saying that

he regarded every pogrom movement, every agitation in that direction, as a calamity for the State, and would oppose them with all the means he could command. "Every pogrom," he is reported to have said, "has a disintegrating effect on the army. Troops participating in a pogrom lose their sense of discipline; in the morning they may maltreat Jews, but by the evening they will proceed to maltreat the rest of the population."

A man of wide reading, Wrangel has thought out the problems of life for himself, and takes broad and liberal views of most subjects—so at least his friends, who have known him intimately, tell me.



THE MAN OF THE HOUR: LIEUT.-GEN. BARON PETER WRANGEL, HEAD OF THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIST GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH RUSSIA, WHICH FRANCE HAS RECOGNISED AND BRITISH LABOUR DENOUNCED.

Enormous interest was aroused by the unexpected news, on August 11, that France had decided to recognise as a *de facto* Government the Administration of General Wrangel, commanding the anti-Bolshevist forces in South Russia, to send a High Commissioner to Sebastopol, and to break off relations with the Soviet representatives in London. Public surprise at the announcement was due to the fact that the French and British Premiers had met to discuss the Russo-Polish situation at Lympe a few days before, and Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech in Parliament on the 10th, had stated that the British Government were not at present giving any support to General Wrangel. After seeing the French announcement he said in the House of Commons on the 11th: "I read it with very great surprise and anxiety. No information of this kind, official or otherwise, has been communicated to me. I can hardly believe it to be accurate." The French action arose as follows: M. Millerand, on returning to France from Lympe, found awaiting him a reply from General Wrangel's Government to the French invitation to carry out certain reforms and thus become entitled to recognition. The reply being satisfactory, the French Cabinet met and decided to recognise his Administration. British Labour's opposition to General Wrangel is noted elsewhere in this number.

January 1919 he was in command of the army marching on Tsaritsyn, when, in consequence of the failure of another General, he was given the command of the army which retreated from Kharkoff. He was given this command too late to retrieve the fortunes of that section of Denikin's forces, and now his jealous rivals in the entourage of that General commenced to intrigue against him, until Denikin was finally persuaded, against his better judgment, to send him to lie low at Constantinople. On the final defeat of Denikin, Wrangel was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea by the surviving remnants of Denikin's army. Since then

RUSSIAN PROTAGONISTS: THE HEADS OF THE OPPOSING FORCES.



"THE TITAN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION" AND THE TITAN OF BOLSHEVISM: LENIN BEFORE A COLOSSAL BUST OF DANTON AT MOSCOW, POSING FOR A PROPAGANDA FILM.



A THORN IN LENIN'S SIDE: LIEUT.-GEN. BARON PETER WRANGEL, HEAD OF THE SOUTH RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT RECOGNISED BY FRANCE, AT SEBASTOPOL ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ASSUMING CONTROL.

At the moment Lenin is supreme in Russia, and it remains to be seen whether General Wrangel's Government in the South, which France has recognised, will be able to oust Bolshevism or perish in the attempt. Describing Lenin's remarkable rise to power, Dr. Harold Williams writes: "This sinister figure who is now becoming a controlling force in European politics makes no secret of his plans. Vladimir Ulianoff (Lenin's real name), the son of a Volga schoolmaster, has for the last 25 years thought and studied and worked, and is now working with unexpected resources and prestige, to bring about a world revolution."

On the other hand, according to General Wrangel's emissaries, Messrs. N. W. Tchaikovsky, V. A. Kharlamov, and S. K. Markotoon, who recently arrived in London from Paris: "The whole of South Russia is the scene of a peasant insurrection against international communism. General Wrangel, by his new agricultural measures, his treaties with the Ukrainian peasants, his agreements with the Cossacks, his statements concerning the democratic and federative reconstruction of Russia, and finally, by the suppression of pogroms, has gained for his movement the sympathies of the broad popular masses in the South of Russia."

BOLSHEVISTS AND GERMAN TROOPS IN CONTACT ON THE POLAND-ALLENSTEIN FRONTIER: TYPES OF BOTH FORCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. FRANKL, BERLIN.

AND ATLANTIC PHOTO. CO., BERLIN.



WHERE POLISH TROOPS (SUBSEQUENTLY INTERNED AT ARYS) CROSSED THE ALLENSTEIN FRONTIER: GERMAN AND BOLSHEVIST SENTRIES FRATERNISING AT THE BOUNDARY.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE ALLENSTEIN FRONTIER (CIVIC GUARD) MARCHING PAST THE



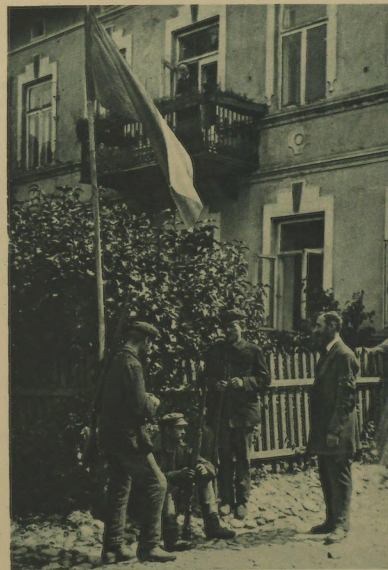
IN EAST PRUSSIA: MEN OF THE REICHSWEHR EXCHANGE BUILDING IN KÖNIGSBERG.



A TYPICAL "RED" OFFICER: A BOLSHEVIST COMMISSARY (A STUDENT OF 18) AS STATION COMMANDANT AT GRAJEVO, GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.



BOLSHEVIST TYPES: A CIVIL COMMISSARY GIVING HIS ORDERS TO A SENTRY OF THE "RED" ARMY.



THE RED FLAG IN GRAJEVO, POLAND: A BOLSHEVIST GUARD OUTSIDE THE QUARTERS OF THE STATION COMMANDANT.



GERMAN AND BOLSHEVIST FRONTIER GUARDS FRATERNISING: A NEARER VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



TYPES IN INVADIED POLAND: MEN OF THE BOLSHEVIST FORCES QUESTIONING A POLISH JEW IN GRAJEVO.

These photographs are interesting as showing types of people—Bolshevist and German soldiers, and the civil population—concerned in recent events on the frontier between north-east Poland and Allenstein, a plebiscite area of East Prussia. According to the information supplied with the photographs, several thousand Polish troops, pursued by Bolshevik forces, crossed the frontier into Allenstein at Proskien, and were disarmed and interned at Arys, near Lyck, while the Bolsheviks pressed on as far as Grajevo (in Poland) and halted at the frontier. One photograph shows the frontier at Proskien with a red-and-white Polish sentry-box (held by Bolsheviks) in the foreground, and beyond the barrier, the black-and-white Prussian sentry-box. On August 5 it was stated that Italian troops stationed at Lyck, occupying plebiscite territory for the Allies, would be

withdrawn westward on the 9th, and that British troops had already retired to Allenstein. The German Government notified its intention of sending troops to the frontier. The German Commissary for East Prussia said that, except at Proskien, the Bolshevik troops had obeyed the order to keep 10 kilometres (6½ miles) away from the frontier, but he feared "irruptions over the frontier by marauding bands." The German Foreign Minister, Dr. Simons, said recently in the Reichstag: "We wish Poland as little injury as we do Soviet Russia. Germany's responsibility in participating in the support of Poland is enormous; but just as little do we desire that Poland should through our action disappear." It was reported on August 4 that the Soviet Government had concluded a secret treaty with Germany.

Post-War Resumption of Archaeological Excavation :

No. III.—ASKALON.

By D. G. HOGARTH.

NO people is better known in the Bible story than the Philistines, and none is so tantalisingly unknown in Archaeology. The rare profane lights which have fallen on them have done little more than show up darkness. The Philistines appear for a moment in Egyptian history, before they ever encountered the Hebrews—or, at least, a people appears with a name so like theirs that we cannot reasonably doubt it to be the same; and the less because it appears in the Philistine part of the world. These Pulesati were joined to a horde of various peoples from the far north, which attacked the Palestinian frontier of Egypt about 1200 B.C., only to be checked at Rafah by the army of Rameses III. But whether they came from the north also, or had only lately been swept up from the historic Philistine lands by the northerners, we do not know. One of their cities, Ashdod, at a later but still very ancient Greek date, was ruled by a man with a Greek name; and two others, Askalon and Gaza, are connected obscurely in Greek mythology with

he found in other graves; but his contention that these burials were Philistine of the earlier period of the Jewish Monarchy is not borne out by the identity of accompanying objects with contents of graves explored by the excavators of Carchemish, of a much later date, and far outside any possible range of Philistines. Nor was any stratum of domestic remains found on the site of Gezer to correspond. Yet Philistines certainly held the place for a time. The poverty of Philistine material for archaeological study was demonstrated conspicuously by Professor Macalister himself in the Schweich lectures which he delivered to the British Academy before the war. He had to make his bricks with too little straw!

None the less, there is still good hope. None of the greater home settlements of the Philistines has yet been searched, but only outlying places on the edge of their range, which they held intermittently or for a very brief spell. There remains much more to find even on these—Tell-el-Hesi,

for example, which was Lachish, is still intact over two-thirds of its area; and the American School at Jerusalem proposes to attack presently the most interesting of all such outliers, Bethshan, the modern Beisan, familiar to us in the story of Saul. But much more still is to be expected from such places as the prehistoric Gaza, or the earliest site of Ashdod; and perhaps most of all, from Askalon. It is not yet certain that the

great field of ruins, Roman and Crusading, which now bears the name, covers the Philistine city.

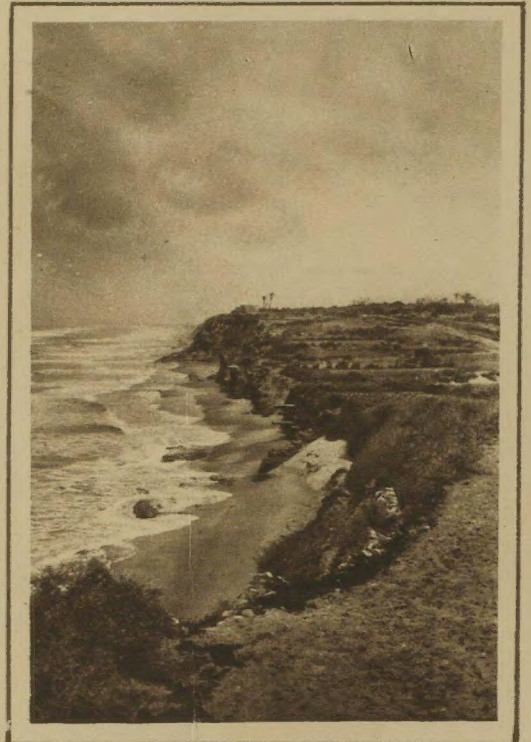
There is an alternative mound, certainly very old, not far away. But before the war Dr. Duncan Mackenzie, who, as assistant to Sir Arthur Evans throughout the excavation of Knossos, should know Ægean remains if anyone does, picked out of low strata on the Roman site sherds which he reported Ægean, and therefore, of Philistine age. The place has long been a favourite of native treasure-seekers, and you may

hear there the usual Levantine tales of subterranean vaults filled and paved with gold. They were current in Lady Hester Stanhope's time; and believed by a charlatan, who succeeded in



ON THE BORDERS OF THE PHILISTINE COUNTRY: TELL-EL-HESI (ANCIENT LACHISH), SHOWING THE PART ALREADY EXCAVATED.

Crete. Minos seems certainly to have been honoured there, as well as in the great Island of the Sea; and some have inferred that the Philistines were themselves Cretan colonists, who established themselves by virtue of great stature and body armour, remembered by the Hebrews in their story of Goliath of Gath. Archaeology has discovered nothing yet to confirm, or even strongly to support, this inference. "Mycenæan" pottery of a very late period has been found on Philistine sites; but it is of the sort that Cyprus had, and may well have exported; and some of it is undoubtedly of native manufacture, inspired by Cypriote models. Excavators have tried more than one site which at some period was held by Philistines, but with consistent failure to find clear traces of any extraneous higher civilisation which might be distinguished as of that people's. Even the little that has been referred hopefully to its credit is questioned. Professor Macalister, excavating the mound of Gezer, which lies on the edge of Philistine country, discovered two or three burials accompanied by painted pottery of finer fabric than



WHERE PROF. GARSTANG WILL DIG FOR SAMSON'S CITY: ASKALON—THE COAST, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH-EAST.

convincing her; they were tested by that strange lady in a midnight dig which led, of course, to nothing. Now the Palestine Exploration Fund intends to attack the mound afresh with all the thoroughness and care which modern science demands. The concession granted by the late Military Administration has been ratified by the Civil Government set up under Sir Herbert Samuel, and it is hoped to make a beginning in the early autumn.

The director of the work is to be Professor John Garstang, of Liverpool, who is organising the British School at Jerusalem; and to the credit of this School, after the Palestine Exploration Fund, what success he attains will redound. He is a tried digger of much experience both in Egypt and in Syria, and one at least of those who helped him in the latter country is with him still. He will respect and faithfully record all the later remains he may find—Crusading, Roman, Hellenistic, and what not; but he intends to get down as fast as he may to the Askalon of Samson's time, if it is there. He is

not out to find Cretan evidence more than any other; but he is out to lay bare all he can of the Philistine civilisation, of whatever origin it was.

If this enterprise can be carried through on which ever mound proves to be the primitive Askalon, we may look to have several questions settled one way or the other; and, in chief, the questions whether it was in virtue of a distinctly higher apparatus of civilisation that the Philistines so long terrorised the Hebrews, and if so, whence that civilisation came and whither it went.



THE MOST INTERESTING OF PHILISTINE OUTLYING SITES: BETHSHAN (MODERN BEISAN), FAMILIAR IN THE STORY OF SAUL, TO BE EXCAVATED BY THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT JERUSALEM.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

HAD THE PHILISTINES CULTURE? A QUEST FOR THE EXCAVATOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND



FROM AN OUTLYING PHILISTINE SITE: A MIRROR AND OTHER BRONZE OBJECTS FROM A SUPPOSED PHILISTINE TOMB AT GEZER.



"MYCENÆAN," BUT OF A TYPE THAT EMANATED FROM CYPRUS: POTTERY DISCOVERED IN THE MOUND OF GEZER.



WITH A 6-INCH RULE TO INDICATE SIZE: SILVER VESSELS FROM A SUPPOSED PHILISTINE TOMB AT GEZER.



FROM THE CENTRAL CITY AREA AT BETH SHEMESH: FRAGMENTS OF A PHILISTINE VASE WITH STRAINER SPOUT

"NO people is better known in the Bible story than the Philistines, and none is so tantalisingly unknown in Archaeology. . . . Some have inferred that the Philistines were Cretan colonists. . . . 'Mycenæan' pottery of a very late period has been found on Philistine sites, but it is of a sort that Cyprus had. . . . Prof. Macalister, excavating the mound of Gezer, on the edge of the Philistine country, discovered two or three burials accompanied by painted pottery of finer fabric than he found in other graves; but his contention that these burials were Philistine of the earlier period of Jewish Monarchy is not borne out."



WHERE TOMBS CONTAINING PAINTED POTTERY HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED: GEZER—A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

Matthew Arnold would hardly have associated the Philistines with culture, but modern archaeologists, as Prof. Hogarth explains in his article on the opposite page, are out to discover "whether it was in virtue of a distinctly higher apparatus of civilisation that the Philistines so long terrorised the Hebrews." Hitherto none of their greater home settlements has been searched, but only outlying places on the edge of their range, such as Gezer, Tell-el-Hesi (Lachish), and Beisan (Bethshan). Better results are expected at Gaza, Ashdod, and, above

all, Askalon, where excavations are to be begun this autumn by Prof. John Garstang, for the British School of Archaeology at Jerusalem and the Palestine Exploration Fund. One of Sir Herbert Samuel's first official acts as High Commissioner in Palestine was to establish a Department of Antiquities, and the British School was formally opened at Jerusalem on August 9. Provision is made for a museum, of which the nucleus will be formed by over 100 cases of antiquities that were found before the war and have since been recovered.

THE CONQUEST OF AUSTRALIA BY THE PRINCE OF WALES:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. H. FISHWICK, "SYDNEY MAIL," SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



SYDNEY HARBOUR EN FÊTE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: A MULTITUDE OF CRAFT OFF FARM COVE, WHERE HE

"OUR GREATEST AMBASSADOR" AT SYDNEY AND CANBERRA.

MAIL," SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WENT ASHORE IN A BARGE THROUGH A LANE OF ROWING-BOATS—THE "RENOVN" DIMLY SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



ORANGES FOR THE PRINCE: H.R.H. (ON LEFT) ON THE HAWKESBURY RIVER.



THE PEOPLE OF SYDNEY GIVE THE PRINCE OF WALES A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME: ON THE DAY

As the "Renown," with the Prince of Wales on board, entered Sydney Harbour on June 16, escorted by Australian destroyers, and aeroplanes overhead, cheering crowds lined every point of vantage. Hundreds of water-craft, including motor-boats, tugs, dinghies, and submarines, lined up in procession. A sea lane of rowing-club boats was formed, and down it the Prince passed in a barge to the landing-stage at Farm Cove. Thence he drove in a four-horsed carriage, with an escort of Lancers, through three and a-half miles of decorated streets, to Admiralty House. The people all along the route greeted him with intense enthusiasm. On June 21 the Prince visited Canberra, the seat of Australia's new capital, and laid the foundation-stone of the Capitol building. He was presented with a mallet made of wood from every Australian State. The spirit-level (seen



THE CARRIAGE, WITH ITS ESCORT OF LANCERS, TURNING INTO MACQUARIE STREET OF HIS ARRIVAL.



THE PRINCE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CAPITOL AT CANBERRA.

in our photograph) was the same one used by the King when (as Duke of York) in 1901 he laid the foundation-stone of the Queen Victoria Memorial Pavilion at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Camperdown, Sydney. From Canberra the Prince returned to Sydney by train. On June 24, after leaving Sydney, he made a trip on the Hawkesbury River, famous for its beautiful scenery, with members of the New South Wales Ministry, a recently-elected Labour Group, with whom the Prince was on the best of terms. On the way, near Wiseman's Ferry, boats put out and the launch was stopped, while the Prince leant over the side to receive a gift of a fine cluster of oranges. The incident is illustrated above in the lower photograph on the left. The Prince returned to Sydney on Aug. 14 for another short visit before finally leaving Australia on Aug. 19.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' ARRIVAL AT "THE OLDEST AND LARGEST" CITY IN AUSTRALIA: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LANDING AT FARM COVE, SYDNEY.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA FORMS THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS AND A BIRTHDAY GREETING IN LIVING LETTERS: A WONDERFUL DISPLAY BY 12,000 SYDNEY CHILDREN.

The Prince of Wales landed at Farm Cove, Sydney, from the "Renown," on June 16. He was welcomed by the Governor-General of Australia, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth (Mr. Hughes), the Governor of New South Wales, and other officials. Speaking at a banquet that night, the Prince said: "I feel behind the Prime Minister's eloquent greeting the wonderful welcome that this great city of Sydney, the oldest and largest in Australia, has given me to-day."

On June 23, the Prince's twenty-sixth birthday, he attended a display by 12,000 school-children at the Sydney Cricket Ground. The whole 12,000 grouped themselves, with wonderful precision, into gigantic Prince of Wales's feathers in the centre of the ground, with the greeting, "Many Happy Returns," in living letters, and a number of surrounding stars.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. H. FISHWICK, "SYDNEY MAIL," SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I AM only "an amateur Londoner." In the first place, destiny decreed that I should be one of the millions who were born outside London's

vast labyrinth of streets (nearly half the population, according to the social survey made by the late Charles Booth from his eyrie in the Adelphi), and, to quote the latest definition of the professional Londoner's mental attitude, I am still unable "to stand about in the Strand or Pall Mall or Edgware Road as if it all belonged to one's family." Besant declared that all the best servitors of London—her artists, poets, architects, clerical or legal dignitaries, all the Londoners of "light and leading," in fact—were immigrants from without; and it is within my own knowledge that all the specialists I have ever met on the lore and lure of the Labyrinth were also born in the Provinces. The terrible truth is that it is a Labyrinth, and inhabited, as the legendary maze was, by some kind of a Minotaur invisibly devouring the generations of country-bred arrivals, so that a third-generation Londoner is one of the rarest of racial survivals—a prodigy, indeed, who ought to be exhibited at South Kensington. So London, for all her majestical ways and mystical allurements, is to me not a mother but a mistress, and a place to live in as long as I must and not a year longer. Daily the quiet green countryside whispers to me to come away, to return to some little town in the purple Pennines—

A country town where one may meet
Wi' friends and neighbours known;
Where one may lounge i' the market-place
And see the meadows mown

—or to seek out some Cornish pleasance where "peace comes dropping slow" from the mist-drenched wings of the morning.

Meanwhile, I enjoy London life, and like reading books about it. Here, to take the first out of a small pile, is "LONDON SCENES" (Melrose; 3s. 6d. net), by W. R. Titterton, that gallant opposer of the guests of England who sit at her feast, yet have the ill manners to jeer at their hostess. He has something new and true to say about the regulation wonders which so many true Londoners take a pride in ignoring—the "Zoo," the Parks, the Law Courts, the City on Sunday, and so on—and there are times when he stops and listens to the under-tow of London's multitudinous life, wistfully awaiting some message as to its meaning. Has it any meaning outside what the boy-philosopher called the "thinginess of things"? In "FLASHES OF LONDON" (George Allen and Unwin; 6s. net), by Charles Inge, we are not button-holed, but gripped by the shoulder by a ruthless moralist who would have us see the head and front of our Imperial civilisation as the City of the Great Unrest, as a dolorous beach where a surf of sorrow is always vainly beating on dark crags of necessity. There are those (Mr. Inge is not one of them, of course) who would, if they could, abolish London, as the breaking-up of the Double Empire has killed Vienna and the partial success of Communism has scotched Petrograd. Let them all remember, however, that a return to the economics of pre-Reformation England, which is their ideal of a Golden Age, would leave London without means of livelihood or even an excuse for existence, and bring on this land a calamity of unthinkable horror.

In "WANDERINGS" (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d. net), by Richard Curle, we get the most vivid insight into the fascination which London may wield over strangers on whom she has no claim at all. Mr. Curle, a Northumbrian Scot, gives only a dozen pages of his three hundred and fifty of travels and reminiscences to the emotions which this so vast and strange mistress-city has kindled in his very soul. Many men and cities he has known, but pride is touched with passion in the heart's blood when he writes: "There is something in the

very name of England that sounds like a sweet trumpet across distant seas." He has no such love for London, yet reluctantly he pays his tribute to her ageless attraction. He feels, as we all do, that London is the place to think in, "that here you



ERECTED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: A WAR MEMORIAL AT SANDRINGHAM.

This cross was erected by their Majesties to honour the memory of officers and men of the Sandringham Company, 5th Batt., Norfolk Regiment, who fell in the war. It stands by the roadside on the Royal estate.

are at the core, here you are complete." As Mr. Curle finely confesses, "The mere thought of London ten thousand miles away will cause you to sense it like a definite presence." And he can also give us passionate, tender interpretations of the phases of

London's very being—"Spring breaks upon it in a day with one shiver of delight," or "The buoyant pulse of the night goes sweeping through the lengthened twilight." Here are pictures beyond the fancy of Charles Lamb, to whom London was a mother only; for Mr. Curle, by never presuming too much, has somehow compelled this Ninon de l'Enclos among the cities of everyman's soul to reveal the last secrets of her charm. Is she not Athens as well as Rome? Mr. Curle seems to say yes as he says (so helpfully to myself), "In fact, I am an amateur Londoner."

And it is because her charm is so varied and infinite and beguiling and destructive that I yearn so to forsake her (taking, however, leave to return for a day and a night, whensoever I simply must), and turn, with an illusion of release, to books which tell you of the way out. "THE FOOTPATH WAY ROUND LONDON. I.—THE SOUTH-EAST QUARTER" (Homeland Association; 3s. 6d. net) serves the mood of one on parole, so to speak, who is allowed to evade for a day those far-flung tentacles of bricks and mortar. No better guide could be imagined to the rural by-ways and sylvan ambuscades where, if you shut your ears to the weird, remote whispering of her pulsating life, London may seem non-existent for a moment. Until the sun sets and the bronzed glow is seen in the nocturnal sky, and a white, thin hand with slim, beguiling fingers reaches out and hales the prisoner back to his palace-prison. No, I shall never get away; falsely I give my parole, and keep it fallaciously ever.

Not even does "THE THAMES HIGHWAY" (Thacker; 12s. 6d. net), by F. S. Thacker, that specialist of genius, open up a royal road for jail-breaking. No living or dead writer can tell you more, or with more loving-carefulness, about the historic highway which is the *causa causans* of London's very existence—as the Tiber is of Rome and the Seine of the Paris that was. But not to know the river on which she sits enthroned is not to know the reason why London is at least two thousand years young—perhaps "half as old as Time," if we could only look back through the violet mists of pre-history. The children's singing-game, with its strange suggestion of the bridge-builder's human sacrifice and its fateful burden—

London Bridge is broken down—

may well have been a Druid sacrificial ceremony long before Julius Cæsar crowned his labours from the "short and narrow verged shade" of the evergreen laurel. Mr. Thacker is the best guide we have to all the history of the Thames from its small, silvery source to its vanishing in a tumultuous tangle of currents and cross-currents, the most restless region in all the narrow seas. If there were only taxi-boats (and why not?), the visitor need not confine his historical explorations to the waters above London Bridge, still "the" bridge to old riverside folk. Above, we have in tempestuous weather the chopped waves of a lake pent among hills. Below, the taxi-boat man would have to be more careful, for more massive fluctuations are met with in the wider and wilder reaches of the russet-winged water described by a French poet as—

*Une marée infecte, et toujours avec l'onde
Apportant, remportant les richesses du monde.*

He must have travelled down on a grim, grey day when the smoke-wreaths hung low, and missed seeing how the sunlight can glorify the grim tower of St. Magnus' Church, the deadly white façade of the Custom House, and the ominous quadragon of the White Tower with its four dark cupolas. Not to have seen these and many other phases and moods of London below the bridges is not to know the full power and majesty of the Imperial city, not even to be aware that she is sea-born and violet-crowned even as Athens was in memory's morning, when the world was young.



AN OLD ITALIAN PAINTING FOUND IN IRELAND BY LADY LIMERICK: "PROSERPINA AND PLUTO," VARIOUSLY ASCRIBED TO ALESSANDRO VARTARI OR PAOLO FARINATI.

"Controversy has arisen as to the painter of this picture," writes a correspondent. "Some say Paolo Farinati, others Alessandro Vartari. . . . There is no known Farinati in these Islands, but the National Gallery has one Vartari, 'Cornelia and Her Children.'" Paolo Farinati (1522—1606) painted mostly religious subjects. Alessandro Vartari (1590—1650) has left works both from religion and classical legend, including "The Rape of Proserpine" in the Academy at Venice. Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" says: "He generally selected subjects which admitted the introduction of the nude."

To be Capable of Encircling the Globe: The World's Greatest Wireless Station.

SHOWING THE NEW YORK RADIO CENTRAL STATION, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: LONG ISLAND.

"On the north shore of Long Island," says the "Scientific American," "a leading American radio company is about to construct a super-powered radio station that will simultaneously send to and receive messages from five great nations of other continents. It will bear the name of New York Radio Central Station. The steel towers will rise on a 6400-acre tract, comprising nearly ten square miles of land. . . . The form of aerial construction is wholly a new

departure. From the central power-house 6 spans of aerial wire will radiate out in a star pattern to more than a mile. The wires of these huge antennae will be supported on steel towers each 400 ft. in height. . . . Each of the 6 antennae will have 12 towers. . . . Five of these powers can be combined into one. A telegraphic signal created out of such tremendous electro-magnetic energy could encircle the entire globe."—[BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."]

A Warship as Athletic Training School: U.S. Olympic Games Competitors in Mid-Atlantic.

WRESTLING, BOXING, AND ROWING ABOARD THE U.S.S. CRUISER "FREDERICK": NAVAL COMPETITORS FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

The training of the American competitors for the Olympic Games, which King Albert opened in the Stadium at Antwerp on Saturday, August 14, was carried out with characteristic thoroughness. The American naval competitors crossed the Atlantic in the U.S. cruiser "Frederick" (formerly "Maryland," and recently renamed when the new battle-ship "Maryland" was launched), specially commissioned by the Navy Department. Training was in full swing during the

voyage, and on deck the men practised boxing, wrestling, physical exercises and even rowing, with a fixed "boat" and mechanical "oars," as seen on the right in our photograph. At Antwerp the American teams were in charge of Jack Moakley, for many years athletic coach at Cornell University, assisted by Lawson Robertson. In the United States athletic training is taken more seriously than elsewhere, and is pursued systematically.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"LET me see the people's play on the people's day," I said to Mr. Hammond, the courteous manager of the Lyceum. What does it matter what the regular first-nighter thinks of "My Old Dutch"? He "don't count" on this occasion; it is the opinion, the emotion, the appreciation of the Saturday-half-holiday-man I want; he is a better judge of the play and of our coster laureate than all the rest of us—for he knows; and he brings to the theatre not only familiarity with the scenes, but an unsophisticated state of mind as ready with a pit-a-pat heart as with laughing lips.

It was a grand sensation. Aloft and below masses of people ready and eager to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content and to pay tribute to one of our truly great actors—Albert Chevalier. It was not only the applause that betokened intimacy between player, play, and public. It was the wonderful silence in the house when pathos reigned supreme; the wonderful unity of laughter at the right moment, as if ordained by a scout-master; the wonderful and eerie rustle of countless handkerchiefs in the infirmary and workhouse scenes, when all looked grey for poor Coster Joe and his sweet wife; when he cheered her with a "cooked" letter from the boy; when even the more hardened playgoer felt a queer, hot feeling round eyes and neck—for, after all, there is a kind of sentiment so natural to the core that you cannot resist it, although you have heard and read it a hundred times. The charm of "My Old Dutch" is that it rings true, save in one note which, if I were the authors' counsellor, I would have speedily remedied. Why should these dear costers be ashamed of themselves, and when the windfall came, educate their son in ignorance of his parentage? It is not consistent—indeed, it casts a little slur on Joe and Sal, taints them with a kind of snobbery altogether foreign to their part of the world; nor is it necessary for the action. The boy could have spent his money just as well if he knew whence it came—in nine cases out of ten that is what he would have done if the inclination were there. Curiously enough, the great public perceived this not; so engrossed were they in the main theme that they overlooked the little stumbling-block—the only one in the play. For the rest, it is a splendid specimen of melodramatic folklore, if I may so call it; and in some of the domestic scenes the picture is so realistic in the artistic sense of the word that one feels as if one were in the midst of these simple folk whose parlance is as sincere as their accent. It would be a great gain to our stage if Mr. Arthur Shirley, the Dennerly of England, a man of a hundred dramas and much talent, would devote himself to plays of the people—the field is vast, untilled, and full of possibilities. Strange that of its character, "My Old Dutch" is unique in our modern drama. Our plays of the people "yon East" are rarely beyond the compass of one act, and then frequently the first fling of a beginner.

Albert Chevalier remains what he has ever been—that rare combination of an artist and a virtuoso, and but rarely does the latter attempt to score off the former. He has little mannerisms—he loves in pathetic scenes to linger over words and "business"; but so complete is his mastery of craft that even his pauses are fascinating in their resonance of tone or their picturesqueness of gesture. As a comedian he is ever sure of his effect, yet, although he has played Joe hundreds of times, he never becomes obtrusively prominent. In pathos he is equally discreet. He speaks

volumes with his countenance. He holds his hearers by piano intonations, never by vociferation. For aught we know, he may be calculating every



AS THE WANDERING JEW: MR. MATHESON LANG IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF MR. TEMPLE THURSTON'S FORTHCOMING NEW PLAY.

Mr. Matheson Lang is to give a trial run of Mr. Temple Thurston's new play, "The Wandering Jew," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on August 23, before producing it in London, at the New Theatre, on September 9. It is based on the legend of the Jew who refused to help Christ on the day of the Crucifixion, and as a punishment was condemned to roam a hostile world without being able to die. The action extends over 1500 years, in four periods, for which the leading ladies are, respectively, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Hutin Britton, Miss Ethel Carrington, and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore.

nuance of the part; but to us he conveys but one idea. He seems detached from us; he does not

the periods of the play in wig and features in a manner so perfect that one doubts whether the same artist really marks the march of the times. In a cast which includes such well-known actors as Mr. John Beauchamp and Mr. Charles Fawcett there were many unnamed artists who loyally helped to vivify the local colour. The dance at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, a mere *tableau vivant*, with its be-plumed donahs and its be-pearled costers, was a revel of rare intensity. It was the kind of preface that rightly attuned the mind to the "World's Love Story," which is "My Old Dutch."

"I wonder." And, like old Demetrius in the "Red Lamp," I closed the book of "At the Villa Rose" and went to see the play. I went with little expectations. I like A. E. W. Mason as a mind, as a man, as a novelist; but (and my admiration warrants candour) I did not like the novel of "At the Villa Rose." As a detective story I found it unskillfully constructed; as a description of French C.I.D. methods I found it absurd. I have studied too much Macé and Goron, the real article, and Gaboriau's fiction, not to smile at the methods of the great Hanaud—in the novel.

But the play, as the French say, it is another pair of sleeves. It is by no means an ideal play of the kind. The first two acts are laboured; the last is so superfluous and so beautifully mounted—oh, that vision of the Lake of Geneva in moonlight!—that one feels sorry for all that loss of craft and good money. With a little skill the happy ending could easily occur in the third act, which is the making of the play. It is not only a splendid specimen of melodramatic tension, but it is also a grand opportunity for Mr. Arthur Bourchier to display his *savoir-faire* and ingenuity. It would be unfair to Mr. Mason to say that the actor made the act, for the act is, in its steadfast gradation towards the climax which brings the culprit to the guillotine, a forcible one. But Mr. Bourchier does all he can to kindle our interest, to humanise the detective, to equip him with countless touches which subtly heighten the excitement. Like a busy bee he flits through the room, aimlessly, as it were, touching things here and there, inspecting corners, lifting chairs, sniffing at cushions, sidling up to people, passing a gentle hand over them, then again sniffing; or he suddenly turns on one of the characters as if he had to impart a great discovery, or he pats one on the back in all too

obvious benevolence—in fact, he is never still. And in the end we discover that all these seeming quips and pranks are part and parcel of a system. He bamboozles the murderer and his accessories into surrender—not expressed by words, but indicated by gestures and guilty faces. In Mr. Bourchier's record the Great Hanaud will rank very high, as will the French maid of Miss Hutin Britton in hers. She makes a sinister figure of this exceedingly well-drawn criminal character. She looks black like grim death, and she acts it. We have so very few tragediennes that it seems opportune to ask whether Miss Hutin Britton should not point her ambition in that direction—Lady Macbeth, for instance. At times, when Miss Britton displayed the mental struggle of the guilty maid, I thought of the Dagger Scene. With her husband, Matheson Lang, as Macbeth, it would be an experiment full of possibilities. After which hint I beg to offer a compliment to



A COSTER MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS MARIE BLANCHE (THIRD FROM LEFT) IN "CHERRY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

"Cherry," by Mr. Edward Knoblock, with music by Mr. Melville Gideon, tells of an East End girl, Cherry Burleigh, who, after being transplanted to aristocratic surroundings in Park Lane, returns to her coster lover, Bill Meggs. From left to right in our group are Mr. George Ricketts as Quain (a bookmaker), Mr. Wilfred Seagram as Bill, Miss Marie Blanche as Cherry, Miss Millicent Marsden as Lady Emily Staynes, and Miss Doris Patston as Kitty Goodman. Cherry, thinking Bill prefers another girl, is telling him to go to her, as she herself has decided to accompany Lady Emily to a new life in the West End.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

act; he conjures up before our eyes a vision of the East End of London, and he lives it as if the play were life itself. In Miss Alice Bowes he has a splendid *alter ego*; she has a voice as caressing as music, and, like Albert Chevalier, she marks

the other principal actors in "At the Villa Rose," especially Miss Frances Wetherall, who was splendidly characteristic as the young-old victim of the murder; and Miss Kyrle Bellew, who conveyed long-suffering without becoming lachrymose.

MAKING MODEL SHIPS BY PANTOGRAPH: A PRELUDE TO HULL-TESTING.

REDRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM A DRAWING BY HOWARD BROWN IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



"THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP" IN MINIATURE FOR TESTING PURPOSES: AN AMERICAN MODEL BEING SHAPED BY A CUTTING MACHINE WORKED ON THE PANTOGRAPH PRINCIPLE.

An interesting article on the testing of models used in shipbuilding appeared in the "Scientific American" for July 24. Here we are concerned with a particular method of making the models, by means of a cutting machine worked on the Pantograph principle. The Pantograph is an instrument used in mechanical drawing and fabric-designing for copying plans, patterns, diagrams, and so on, either on the same scale or on a scale reduced or enlarged. The pencil which

draws the copy is so connected with the tracing point moving over the original as always to bear a constant ratio thereto. Similarly, the Polar Pantograph reproduces profiles of curved figures. It consists of two arms so arranged that the movement of one controls that of the other. Here, while the wheel of the lower arm passes over a model hull already shaped, the upper arm has a cutting wheel which shapes a replica of the hull below.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



The Sudan and Eritrea from a Lorry.

By ROSITA FORBES.

(Continued.)

IN spite of all our newly learned and energetically applied expressions representing the need for haste, twenty-four hours were wasted digging the protesting lorry out of its involuntary grave; but the eighth day the long trail opened out once more, and, with 260 miles behind us, we plodded on into the mountains towards the frontier and Sabderat, where an Italian and an English telegraph-post sit side by side in two little huts in one of the loveliest valleys in the world. Here the night was spent rather miserably, as the car showed no signs of ever being capable of progressing another yard; but scarcity of food urged on our labours, and the ninth morning found us crawling on again. The great crags of Tucurit and Ahura look down on spreading mimosa ombrellifera and the juicy, green-leaved "adai" bush, which forms the staple food of all the caravans trekking east, for not a blade of grass flourishes in Eritrea. Arabic becomes useless, and one must talk the Tigri dialect if one wishes to communicate with the bronze warriors with long, curved swords, or the regular-featured girls wrapped in dark-red *tobhs*, still with the disfiguring nostril-ring, who can be met riding small donkeys, often with a leopard-skin flung picturesquely across their bales.

Once the Sudan is left behind, the track disappears in a variety of camel-paths. One chose the best and clung breathlessly to any available support while the car laboured down the sides of khors as deep as Devonshire lanes, across whose sandy bottoms the Italian Government had had branches laid to give some sort of foothold. There appeared giant Tebaldi trees, whose huge, distorted trunks remind one of Heath Robinson's pictures, and also of a grimmer subject—the drear trail from El Obeid to Fasher, when the advancing British forces against Ali Dinar had to store water in the hollow trunks of the friendly Tebaldi, and water a whole troop of camels from the garnered store of one. Ariel and gazelle fled before the roar of the lorry. Giant crows as big as vultures made strange clapping noises with their monstrous beaks. Wild men of the Baria tribe, in loin-cloth and leather belt, sometimes riding on white camels, appeared for an instant between the trees. The rivers contain water only in the rainy season, between June and September, so we laboured with much difficulty through the dry beds of the Sabderat, which takes a wicked pleasure in crossing and re-crossing the track, and the Uaccai, where the village is entirely hidden in tropical undergrowth, where goats, camels, a few thin, big-horned cows and fat-tailed brown sheep are all to be seen round the priceless wells under palm and thorn. Away once more we swept, nearer and nearer to the mountains, over perilous, stony ground, switch-backing up and down over hillocks, losing the track altogether amidst rocky knolls, finding it again where miles of small white pebbles are

We struck a straight line of our own and dipped into wild gorges full of mighty trees, from whose shade peer strange naked figures with shocks of outstanding hair, adorned with amulets and charms, and carrying heavy spears or curly swords in leather sheaths. We crossed and re-crossed the Cheren River five times, each time the engine labouring to crawl up an almost perpendicular bank. We climbed skywards, up crumbling stony slopes, while our belongings slipped slowly back; we precipitated ourselves with a rattle of breaking bottles and bending tins down hill-sides only fit for beetles. We dropped into the *khôr* bed and ploughed along through its sand for several hundred yards; we watched the flicker of the oil-gauge nervously as the heat melted the oil and it refused to mount, till finally, as Mount Bishna

Nevertheless, the tenth day we made good pace through country which momentarily grew more picturesque. First we re-crossed the Barca and swept over soft, too soft, sand, following the winding river to the shade of a mighty grove of Corobel trees, whose huge reddish trunks make a wonderful contrast to their grey-green feathery foliage, soft and illusive as mountain mists! After that we clung for our lives to cracking bar and plank as we switchbacked heavily over an impossible track round sides of sharp hills, ever growing higher, to Dorotai, where another river made us hold our breath and murmur "Inshallah!" A small rest-house perches upon a mound, and perchance a picturesque bearded personage of the Camel Corps, high mounted on the local *mahclufa* with hanging red tassels, swings out on his ungainly beast to look at the strangers; but we could not wait. The cool winds of Cheren lay ahead, and we pressed on through desolate country of scrub and stone to Agirt, where ruins of two brick houses remind one of the Greek who kept a wine-store here long years ago, but who was murdered by wandering Dervishes, remnants of a once powerful empire. The place is supposed to be haunted, as the Greek had buried his money near by, so every native shuns it, and spreads the tale of a wilful spirit who throws handfuls of sand and stones to attract attention to his communication. On, on through masses of tall "ginda" plant, from whose juicy leaves vegetable silk is made, and at last the great dry bed of Dongolabas was reached.

Thence the road ascended straight from the river bed by sudden

zigzag and most unholy corners, over the safe manipulation of which our black retinue murmured many a soft "Hamdulillah!" (Praise God.)

As we rose our ears crackled to the thinner air, and for the first time we wondered whether coats were included in our ungainly rolls of baggage. The top of a particularly steep curve brought Cheren into view, scarcely a kilometre ahead—a picturesque little white town, on a small plateau surrounded by still higher mountains. A business-like fort holds the nearest rise, and beyond the white houses, with their gardens of oleanders and bougainvillea, of saffron mimosa and misty pepper-trees, the round Noah's Ark huts of the native soldiers, whitewashed, with pointed thatched roofs spread in neat rows up the hill-sides.

Much as the toy town attracted us, it held us only a night, and we left it early in a cool, brisk morning, when even the much-trying engine seemed to rejoice in the alluring temperature. After this there was a real road, not the beautifully metalled highway of Europe, but still a well-built narrow road which, as we



THE FIRST ITALIAN POST REACHED AFTER LEAVING THE SUDAN: AGORDAT—A GRAINLESS MARKET.

rose majestically on our right, we came into a broad, stony valley, where the going was easy.

At last we plunged into the labyrinths of the Barca River, where nomads had erected their dome-shaped shelters, threading our way along little sandy paths between huge trunks of palms, losing ourselves many times, till a prolonged rise brought us within sight of Agordat, the first Italian post.

In the Suq there were only strangers from the highlands, worn-faced women with delicate, thin features, and the exquisite plaited hair of Abyssinia. In a remote tribe a man only wears a plait when he has killed an enemy, and he may not marry until he has done this deed of valour. The women wear dirty white *tobhs* in the towns as a proof that they are good housewives. A spotlessly clean robe is the appurtenance of the other world, the ladies fair but frail, who, laden with heavy silver jewellery studded with barbaric stones, red and green, live apart on the hill-side. Most of the Abyssinians are Christians. Each regiment has its own priest, and there are Coptic churches in most of the villages—one only sees the cross on the top of a *tukl* rather larger than the rest.



JEUNESSE DORÉE IN ABYSSINIA: A TYPICAL GROUP OF YOUNG MEN OF THE COUNTRY.



"ONE MUST TALK THE TIGRI DIALECT TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE BRONZE WARRIORS AND REGULAR-FEATURED GIRLS": TIGRI WOMEN'S TENTS.

scattered broadcast over the ground, till at noon we came to Cheren, seventy-eight kilometres from Sabderat.

Thenceforth the old camel-tracks swing northwards, and are impracticable for wheeled traffic.

From Agordat to Cheren is 100 kilometres of very rough track. The tyres, that were new when we triumphantly crossed the Nile at Wad Medeni, had been punctured several times, and now were looking distinctly world-worn and weary.

climbed perilously among the colossal peaks of the interior, soon forced one to pay tribute of respect to the forgotten engineers who conceived its daring twist and precipitous curve.

[To be Continued.]

OPENING A JEWISH VINTAGE: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN PALESTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM.



WITH THE FOREMOST PAIR CARRYING A LARGE CLUSTER OF GRAPES HUNG ON A STAFF: A PROCESSION OF CHILDREN PRECEDING SIR HERBERT SAMUEL ON HIS WAY TO THE WINE-PRESS AT RICHON EL ZION.



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S VISIT TO THE FIRST JEWISH COLONY FOUNDED IN PALESTINE BY LORD ROTHSCHILD: THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER LEAVING A BOWER ARCH AT RICHON' EL ZION ON HIS WAY TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner in Palestine, motored out from Jerusalem on July 27 to open the vintage season at Richon el Zion, the first Jewish Colony founded by Baron Rothschild in Palestine. He was met outside the village by Colonists on horse-back, who galloped ahead to an arch of bowers erected at the entrance. Here he was welcomed by leading Colonists and escorted between rows of youths in white and blue (the Zionist colours) to the little Synagogue, where a short service was held. He next visited the offices of the Richon wine-cellar. Before him went a procession of school-children

dressed in white and draped with vine and fruit-tree branches, the foremost two carrying a large cluster of grapes hung on a staff. Next, he proceeded to the wine-presses, into which he emptied grapes from baskets handed to him by little girls, while the power which started the presses was simultaneously applied. He then inspected the cellars, which are among the largest in the world, having a capacity of 1,650,000 gallons. In reply to an address, he said that the British and Zionist flags in the decorations symbolised the future of Palestine, and he emphasised the importance of co-operation with the Christian and Moslem inhabitants.

LADIES' NEWS.

LONDON now wears the holiday air; not that those in town are lazing—on the contrary, every place is short-handed, because so many are holiday-making away. Nor is it that London is empty; far from it—hordes of people are about. It



THE UPTURNED BRIM OF THE MOMENT: A DELIGHTFULLY SIMPLE HAT.

This Blanchot hat depends for success on the sweeping line of its upturned brim. Embroidery, however, adds much to its charm. It is of white crêpe-de-Chine, with a wood-brown satin lining and embroidery to match.

Photograph by Talma.

study of our present class of Transatlantic visitors in shop and restaurant, that the money they will leave behind will not help us much with reconstruction. For obtaining the utmost value for every coin expended, the ordinary tourist American woman is not to be beaten; she could give Sandy from North of the Tweed points and beat him in extracting full value for a simple sixpence.

The Festival of St. Grouse did not see the King and his second and third sons out on the moors. It is without doubt an advantage in the enjoyment of

is that the people loiter in the streets, stare into the shop-windows, have no idea of keeping right and left as they come and go; they are, in fact, not Londoners. The shops are differently supplied for them, and the manners of the sales-people are different. The restaurants are as full as ever, and the menus a tiny bit cheaper and simpler than when London is quite itself. I have come to the conclusion, from a

life to be a person of no importance. Plans can be made with a reasonable hope of keeping them. His Majesty, with his very conscientious sense of responsibility, can never have such hope unless affairs are much more settled than they are. The Prime Minister's private plans, like those "o' mice and men, gang aft agley." The wives of great men have to be adaptable and philosophic. Sir Henry and Lady Wilson invited friends to their place at Bagshot for Ascot. Sir Henry was sent for to town, and had just one day to enjoy his Royal Meeting and his friends' society. He then, presumably, set his desires on Cowes, for he loves cruising, and what he loves so does his handsome wife. They arrived in their schooner *White Heather*, which has an auxiliary engine for emergencies. The Field-Marshal was elected a member of the R.Y.S., and dined to meet the King at the banquet. Next morning before sunrise the auxiliary engine was requisitioned, for he was urgently summoned to London, and never got back to Cowes at all. It is on the cards that Scotch plans will also be interfered with. To great people the fulfilment of duty has often to be its own reward. For the wives of great men there seems to be no reward, and for them let folks of no importance be truly thankful, for their philosophy and adaptability help the great men to help us to live in some sort of security in perilously quick-changing times.

In holiday time it is more than ever necessary to pay attention to hands. At all times a well-kept pair of hands is a sign-manual of a refined woman. Holiday pursuits make care specially necessary. Cutex is a wonderful help, because it keeps the cuticle sound and nice and unbroken without cutting. A trial can be made with what is a real holiday convenience—a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough Cutex preparations for six manicures. It includes nail-polish, a bottle of Cutex, nail white and pink polishing paste, also a flexible file, a sandpaper file, and an orange stick. It will be sent from Henry C. Quelch and Co., 4 and 5, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, on receipt of a shilling and a coupon cut from this paper.

There were two interesting weddings in St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Both took place on the recovery of the respective brides. One is now Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, and a remarkably pretty Peeress she is. Lord Montagu is, of course, a man of great ability, without reference to his position. A pioneer of motoring and of aviation, and a survivor of a torpedoing adventure on his way to serve his country in India; a man who can, and does, do things, he has

heaps of admirers. It was a very pretty wedding, and the crowd outside and inside the church gave no indication that it was out of season. Next day Miss Melita Keppel, a girlishly pretty bride, was married to Mr. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson. The wedding was arranged for June, and the day before it should have taken place the bride was so ill that it had to be postponed. It was a very pretty wedding too—the first at which I have missed palms in the floral decorations. Their place was taken by giant Australian ferns, and with them were mingled bright red gladioli and blue hydrangeas. These had a fine effect in the age-grey church.

The bride carried a bouquet of big white yellow-hearted water-lilies. Unusual Royal guests were Prince Alphonse Bourbon-Orleans, Infante of Spain and cousin of King Alfonso, and his wife, Princess Alphonse, who is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and delightfully pretty and smart. She was dressed entirely in black, but black of the last murmur of La Mode.—A. E. L.



SHOWING THE LOW PANEL BACK AND EFFECTIVE USE OF SMOCKING: AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

This Alice Bernard model is carried out in brick-colour and grey. The low panel back and smocking on the hips are interesting features of its design.—[Photograph by Wyndham.]

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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

BELGIUM has given us many new postage stamps during the war, but none equal to the first regular post-war series now current, which has just been completed by the issue of the two values: 1 centime brown, and 2 centimes olive green. These are of small size, while the ten values ranging from 5 centimes to 2 francs are of a medium-large size, and the 5 francs and 10 francs are in a still larger format. All, however, bear the fine portrait of King Albert in a *casque*, or steel helmet. The portrait was taken by Mr. Richard N. Speaight on the Belgian front early in the war, and it makes a very successful stamp, printed from intaglio-engraved plates. Belgium has had nothing to equal it since the celebrated engraver Jacques Wiener engraved the classic first stamps of Belgium, issued in 1849 and 1850.

The new stamps supersede an issue made in 1915, when the Belgian Government was at Havre, and are still in familiar use in Belgium. A large part of this old issue has now been used up for producing special stamps for use in the Belgian administration of Eupen and Malmédy, districts over which Germany renounced all claims under the Peace Treaty, and handed them over to Belgium. They are not being administered as part of Belgium, for, in due course, the final allocation of the districts will depend upon the wishes of the population, as expressed in a plebiscite. In consequence, the inhabitants do not use ordinary Belgian stamps, but specially overprinted stamps have been provided for each district. I illustrate the 1 centime stamp as overprinted for Eupen, and also the similar overprint for Malmédy; in each case there are fourteen denominations ranging from 1 centime to 10 francs.

Prior to the raising of the postal rates during the war, Ceylon did not have a 1-cent denomination in its King George series. When a stamp of this value became necessary during the war, it was at first provided by surcharging the 5-cents stamp. Now, a permanent type of 1-cent stamp, in brown, has been issued, in the King George V. colonial series.

A number of new denominations have been required lately in the German stamps: 7½ pfennig and 15 pfennig values were created during the war when, in common with most of the belligerent countries, internal postage rates had to be raised. Now, owing to the depreciation of the mark, there



1 and 2. With the head of King Albert in a "tin hat": two of Belgium's first post-war series. 3 and 4. For use in Eupen and Malmédy till the plebiscite: Belgian stamps overprinted. 5. A new Ceylon stamp: the brown 1-cent, in the King George series. 6 and 7. Needed through depreciation of the mark: German stamps, showing the Post Office at Berlin. 8. With the motto, "Be united, united, united!" a new German stamp bearing an allegory of German Union. 9. For Posen under the Poles: a German stamp with a Polish overprint.

Stamps Supplied by Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

is a need for stamps of fractional denominations above 1 mark, and these issued to date, bearing a view of the General Post Office at Berlin, are the 1.25 mark green, 1.50 mark brown, and the 2.50 mark claret, which bears an allegory of the German Union, with the motto, "Be united, united, united."

The Poles have marked their re-acquisition of Posen by surcharging a series of five of the current German stamps with a Polish inscription, "Poczta Polska" (Polish Post) and a new value in figures. Thus the current 2 pfennig grey has been surcharged 5 pf., the 7½ pf. orange has become 5 pf., and so on.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING THE EARTHWORM.

ONE of my readers has been kind enough to send me some notes which he has been making on earthworms; and he suggests that a question he puts to me might well form the subject of one of my articles in this column. It is a curious point, and was commented on at some length years ago by Darwin in that wonderful book of his on "Vegetable Mould and Earthworms."

My correspondent, Mr. J. Duncan Lyon, remarks: "Our lawn is overshadowed by pine-trees, showers of needles falling on it. Very frequently I have noticed that a number of these pine needles assume a vertical position, the joined ends being buried in the ground to a depth of an inch or so, and it puzzled me to know how they acquired their upright position. Gradually I concluded they must owe it to the earthworm, which appears to utilise them as a means of keeping open what might be termed blowholes, or breathing apertures."

The fact that these needles were drawn in by their bases was just the point which puzzled Darwin, and he made many experiments to discover the reason. At first it seemed to be a case of intelligent action—a perception that any attempt to drag in one of the bundle of needles would be prevented by the diverging points of the others. But when they were fastened together they were still drawn down by the base. In the end he concluded that, for some inexplicable reason, they preferred the base, which they could in some indefinable way always distinguish. Why they are drawn in was also a matter he investigated, and after weighing the evidence, decided that the practice might serve a double purpose—to keep the air in the burrow moist, and to protect the body from

[Continued overleaf.]

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6. London to Bournemouth

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BOURNEMOUTH

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BOURNEMOUTH

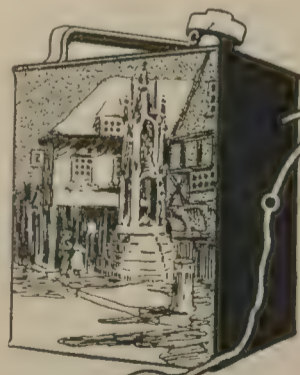
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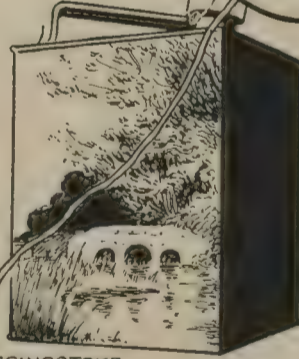
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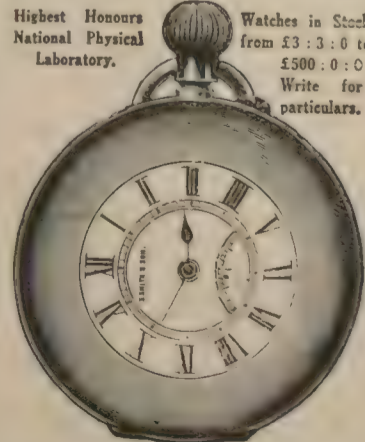


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(Continued.)

contact with the cold layer of air above the ground. Where leaves were unobtainable, he found that stones were used; generally small ones, but sometimes a stone weighing as much as two ounces would be dragged to the mouth of the burrow. It would also seem that in the late autumn and early winter months, small stones and seeds, and even feathers, bits of wool and small twigs are drawn in to form a warm lining to the burrow.

But leaves are also drawn in to serve as food, though the earthworm is by no means a vegetarian. For raw meat, fat, and dead worms are also readily eaten. These delicacies, however, do not exhaust the bill of fare. For worms, where other food is wanting, will swallow large quantities of earth for the sake of the organic matter it contains. Indeed, where the mould is rich in such particles, it will be eaten in preference to leaves. Earth, however, is swallowed not only as food, but also as an indispensable aid to burrowing. The uppermost portion of the burrow is formed by the forward thrust and lateral pressure of the body. But as the tube deepens, this means of progress becomes impossible. So the earth is swallowed and passed through the body, to the surface, in the form of the "castings" with which all of us are familiar.

These burrows, during times of drought, or as a winter retreat, may descend to great distances. In Scotland they run down to a depth of seven or eight feet. Darwin found a worm in its burrow in his garden at Down, in December, at a depth of sixty-one inches. In all cases such tunnels seem to be lined with a layer of fine earth voided by the worm, and forming a kind of cement holding in place the little seeds and stones used for warmth during the winter sleep, which is passed coiled up in a little chamber at the bottom of the burrow.

There is one point in Darwin's delightful book which gives cause for surprise, and this is his acceptance, without testing it for himself, of the statement that a French investigator, M. Perrier, kept several large worms alive for nearly four months completely submerged in water. So far as my experience goes, they are drowned in the course of an hour or two. I propose to make the experiment of placing some worms in a large aquarium well stocked with water plants, so that the aeration of the water will be assured. Some may survive a day or two, but I doubt it. The tremendous part played by worms in the fertilisation of the soil, the part which they have played in the burial and preservation of ancient buildings, and the part they play in the denudation of the land, are other aspects of the worm's activities which those who will may read in this book.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

CHESS.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Your problem shall receive early attention.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Your contributions, as usual, are very welcome.

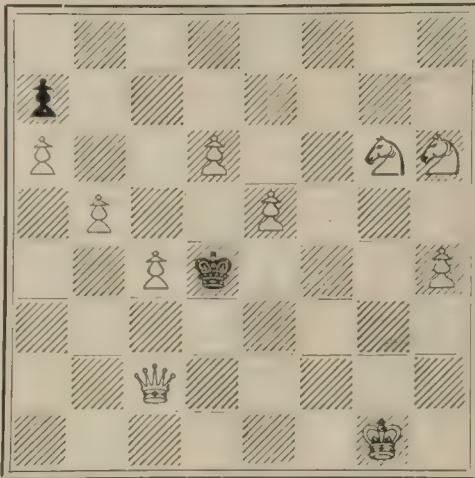
W R KINSEY (Sydenham).—Your problem is correct; the idea, however, is as old as the hills. You can do better.

H F MARKER (Porbandar, India).—Your solution of Problem No. 3835 is altogether wrong. If Black play 1. K takes Q Kt, the continuation is B to B 2nd (ch), and mate follows.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3840.—BY N. F. DEAKIN.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to R 4th	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3842.—BY THE LATE E. J. WINTER-WOOD BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Under the management of Mr. J. C. Denton, a new branch of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., has been opened at 134-5, Strand, W.C.2, and is known as the Waterloo Bridge Branch. Foreign transactions can be arranged through this branch with the bank's Overseas Branch at 65 and 66, Old Broad Street, E.C.2. The Head Office is at 5, Threadneedle Street. The bank has agents throughout the kingdom and abroad. Its authorised capital is £45,200,000; subscribed capital, £38,096,363; paid-up capital, £10,840,112; and reserve fund, £10,840,112. A statement of accounts issued on June 30 last showed its total assets to amount to £411,018,198. The Chairman is the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3834 received from Charles Okey (Auckland, New Zealand); of No. 3836 from K D Ghose (Simla Hills), John F Wilkinson (Ramleh, Egypt); of No. 3840 from Jas. T Palmer (Church), Capt. P Vieyra, C H Watson (Masham), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Ygierna da Piedade Anseir (Lisbon), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Commander T L S Garrett, R.N.R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), B Hamilton (Reading), and M J F Crewel (Tulse Hill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3841 received from P Cooper (Clapham), A H H (Bath), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J S Forbes (Brighton), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), Sidney H Harvey (Leeds), and H W Satow (Bangor).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. R. H. V. SCOTT and W. WINTER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	20. B to B 3rd	Q to R 4th
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 4	It is difficult to find anything better, but Black's position is steadily deteriorating.	
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. K R to K sq	K R to K sq
4. P to B 4th	P takes Q P	22. P to Kt 4th	B to Q 2nd
5. K P takes P	Kt to B 3rd	23. R to K 3rd	Q R to B sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	24. Q R to K sq	
7. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th	The doubled Rooks practically decide the fortunes of the day. White cannot escape some loss.	
8. P takes P	Kt takes Kt	25. P to Q R 3rd	Q takes B P
9. P takes K Kt	Q takes P	26. Q takes P	B takes P
10. P to B 4th	Q to R 4th (ch)	Probably an oversight, thinking that if B takes B, the reply of 27—Q takes B (ch) was enough. Black, however, has been fairly outmanœuvred in the ending, and probably nothing could now save him.	
11. B to Q 2nd	Q to B 2nd	27. R to K 4th	Q takes P
The opening has been well managed by both players, and so far neither has any advantage in development.		28. B takes B	R to R sq
12. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th	29. Q to K 3rd	P to B 4th
13. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt (ch)	30. R to K 5th	Q to Q 3rd
14. B to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	31. B to B 3rd	R takes P
Here it seems as though Black should have made some effort to get rid of the two hostile centre pawns. The B at Kt 2nd has no future, and would be presently far more profitably employed at Q B 4th.		32. B to Q 5 (ch)	P to K 3rd
15. R to Q B sq	Castles	33. R takes K P	R takes R
16. Castles	B to B 4th	34. Q takes R (ch)	Q takes Q
17. B to Q B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	35. R takes Q	Resigns.
18. B takes B	K takes B		
19. Q to Q 4 (ch)	K to Kt sq		

In the person of Mr. E. J. Winter-Wood, who died recently at Paignton, this column has lost an old and greatly valued friend; and Chess in the West of England one of its most active and enthusiastic supporters. His services to the game are best indicated by the fact that for the last thirteen years he had been President of the Devon County Chess Association, a foremost organisation of its kind. His name, happily, is still worthily borne amongst our experts by his brother, Mr. Carslake W. Wood; while his equally distinguished sister, Mrs. Baird, is renewing her youth in the composition of problems rivaling those with which she used to delight us in days gone by.

URODONAL

expels Uric Acid.

URIC ACID is a universal topic of conversation among sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Neuralgia, etc., etc., who accuse (not without reason) this poison of being the cause of all their troubles. The fact is, uric acid is held responsible for unlimited mischief, the extent of its influence in the causation of disease being equalled only by that of the various infective bacteria.

Nevertheless, very few people are really acquainted with the nature of uric acid, whence it originates and how it operates, this being clearly apparent in view of the number of questions (some of which are absolutely weird) that are asked on the subject.

In order to enlighten the reader we will straightway give the following details in regard to uric acid:—

It is a salt (usually yellow or brick-red in colour) that crystallizes into rectangular tablets, which are so little soluble in water (a most important fact to remember) that no less than fifteen thousand times their weight of cold water, and eighteen times their weight of boiling water are required to dissolve them.

Uric acid, moreover, usually combines with alkaline substances, such as lime, soda, potassium, magnesium, which are normally present in the organism, thus forming urates the crystals of which are no less insoluble than uric acid itself.

Uric acid was discovered and identified by Scheele, who extracted it from vesical calculi (stones in the bladder). This in itself is alarming enough, but still worse is the fact that the greater part of the countless experiments that have been made by medical experts with this agent, have been carried out by means of uric acid obtained from the excrements of birds or reptiles, in which it is present in large quantities!

Seeing that uric acid is insoluble, it cannot, therefore be eliminated by the kidneys, except in very small quantities. The surplus is thus retained in the kidneys, causing obstruction and deterioration of these organs, or else it flows back into the blood, causing chronic poisoning. For the blood carries these small crystals into the circulation, and deposits them in the joints, which become stiff and numb, or in the pores of the skin, which breaks out into eruptions, or again, in the walls of the blood vessels, which become shrunken, in the muscles, which become clogged with sand, in the bladder and even in the tissues of the internal organs, including the heart. Thus it can be said that uric acid is the chief factor not only in rheumatism, gout and other arthritic complaints, but also in diabetes, dermatosis, a large number of cases of migraine, neuralgia, arterio-sclerosis, and premature old age.

Excess of uric acid usually occurs as a result of surfeit of rich food containing large quantities of albumen, such as meat, game, internal organs of animals, rich cheese, chocolate, etc., and heavy wines. Nevertheless, in order to prevent excess of uric acid it is not sufficient to follow a strict diet, as, unfortunately, among the innumerable sufferers from uric acid poisoning, there are many who lead a very frugal life, are vegetarians, or teetotallers, etc. The fact is that excess of uric acid can quite well occur as the result of the breaking-up of the tissues of the organism, which happens in all cases of slackened nutrition.

The only really effective method of preventing excess of uric acid is to take regular courses of URODONAL, which dissolves the poison as easily as hot water dissolves sugar.

In addition to its dissolving and eliminating properties, URODONAL also exerts a preventive action against the production of uric acid, as emphatically stated by Dr. Morel (of the Paris Faculty) in an article which appeared in the *Gazette Médicale de Paris* of April 30, 1913.

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Dr. Le Lorrain, Paris Faculty of Medicine.



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allow to cool, add a few drops of lemon juice, and serve in a jug with broken ice around, or cool more quickly in a freezer.

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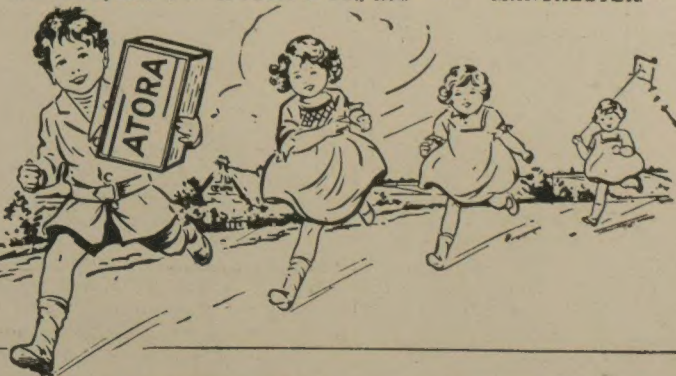
in supplying children with the food elements which promote sturdy growth, give sound teeth, freedom from rickets, etc. These same food elements readily rebuild and make good the daily wear and tear of life in adults.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In Restraint of Competitions.

The *Autocar* calls timely attention to the action of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in the matter of competitions. It is common knowledge that the Society has placed a ban on racing so far as this and next year are concerned. I am in complete agreement with the policy this connotes, for reasons I have given in these notes on a previous occasion, so that there is no need to discuss this particular detail of the question at issue. But in the bond which every member of the Society is called upon to sign, there is a clause which calls upon the signatory to "prevent all those with whom he deals, whether as vendor, purchaser, or agent, doing, or permitting to be done," anything in the way of participation in competitions not specially approved by the Council of the Society. If this means anything at all, it clearly means that the manufacturer or agent from whom a private purchaser buys a car must "prevent" the latter from taking part in any race or competition which the Society does not approve. That is to say, if a

quite so literally as this, but I submit, that as a private owner, I have nothing to do with the particular interpretation of the clause, but I am very much concerned about its strict meaning. It is perfectly clear that it is within the power of the Society to enforce all sorts of pains and penalties upon the seller of my car if I do take part in any "unapproved" event, and to that I most strongly object. It may be said that the Society cannot interfere with my liberty of action and that the bond does not concern me. But, as the *Autocar* points out, the manufacturer may, in time to come, refuse to supply me with spare parts for the car concerned. I certainly think that, if the Society really does not wish to interfere with the private owner in the matter of the competitions he desires to enter, it should at once make a definite and explicit statement of its attitude. Then we shall know where we stand.

An Effective Economiser.

I had a simple little device sent to me the other day, called the "Save-U" petrol economiser. So simple is it, in fact, that I did not take it seriously at first. It is simply a flange washer, but instead of the centre being cut right out, enough of the metal is left to form four narrow, spiral vanes, the purpose of which is to impart a rotary motion to the ingoing charge of mixture. I had it in my pocket when I was doing something to the car, and thought that, as it only meant taking off two nuts to fit it between carburettor and engine, I might as well put it on. At least, I thought, it could do no harm, and could be easily taken off if it was of no use. It has now been in place for about three hundred miles, and, quite contrary to my expectation, I find that it does actually give a marked economy in consumption, which I figure to be about fifteen per cent. Obviously, this

is due to better atomisation and mixture of the air and petrol. It seems to be another case of an exceedingly simple device being much more effective than more ambitious and complicated inventions.



A MAXWELL CAR WITH A SEALED SPEEDOMETER.

A duplicate car is to be won by the person sending in the nearest estimate to the mileage shown by the speedometer from Land's End to John O' Groat's.

club to which I may happen to belong holds a fuel-consumption test, I, as a private owner, am to be "prevented" from taking part if I so desire. It is said that the Society does not interpret the bond

three hundred miles, and, quite contrary to my expectation, I find that it does actually give a marked economy in consumption, which I figure to be about fifteen per cent. Obviously, this



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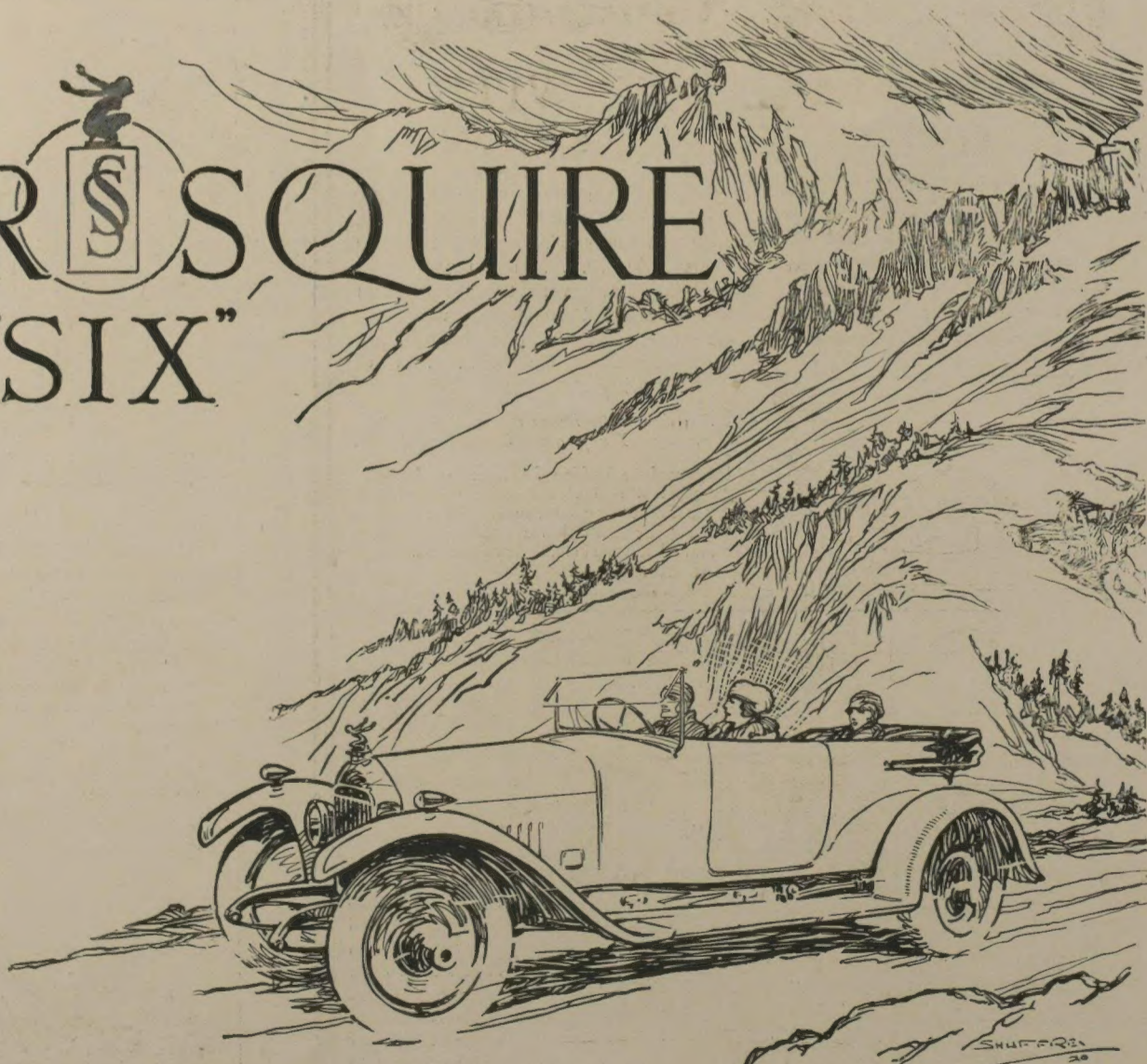
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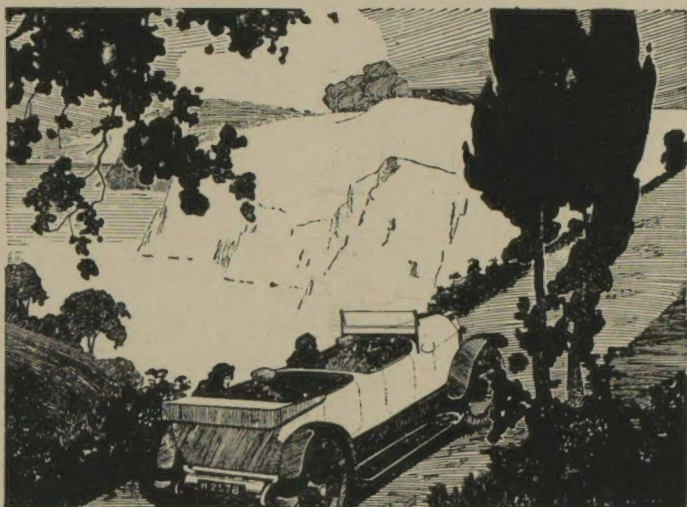
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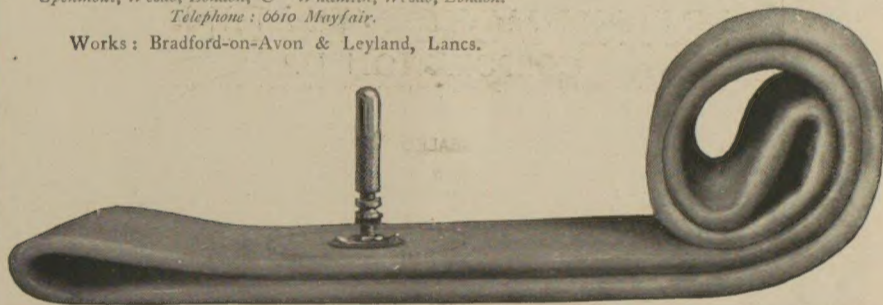
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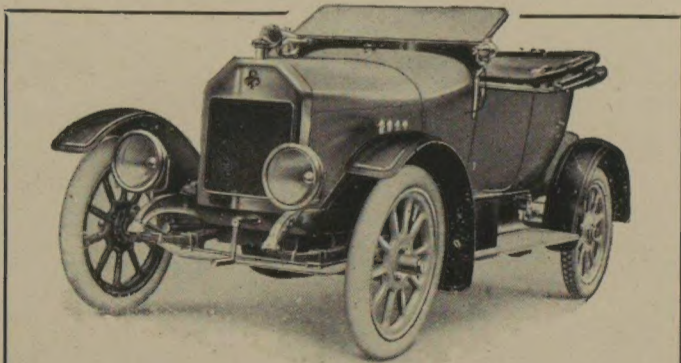
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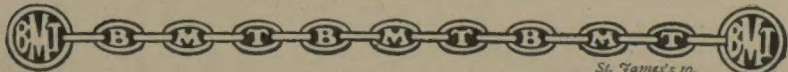
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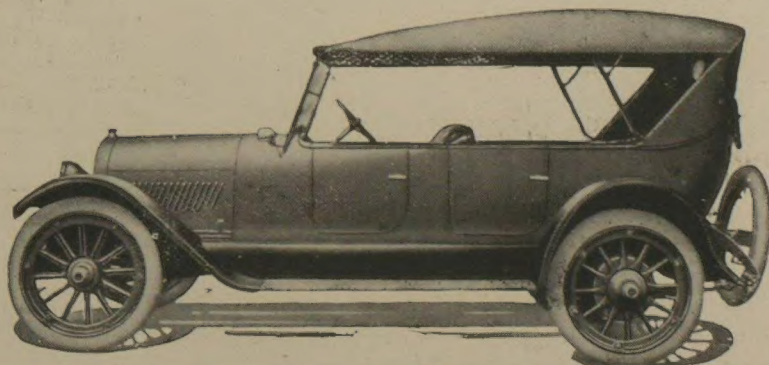
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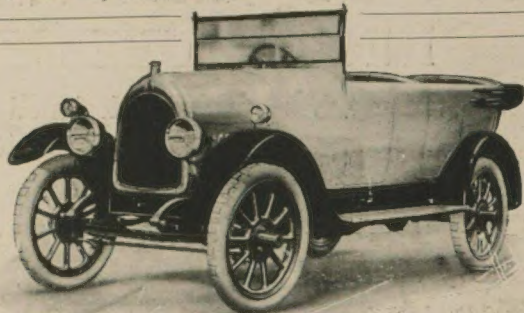


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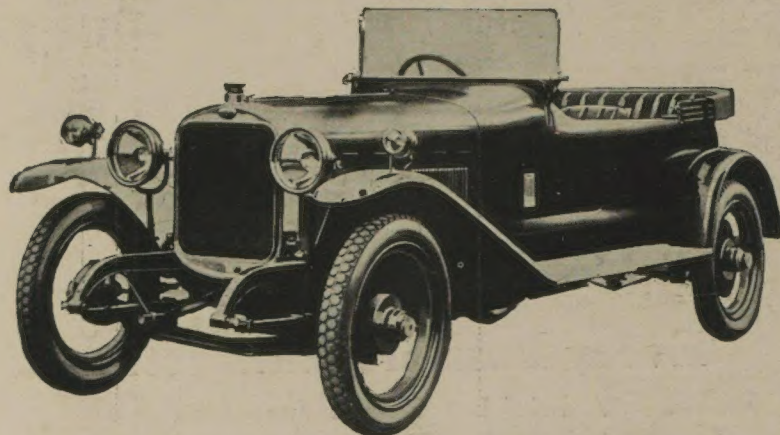
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